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THE TIGER

COMMENCEMENT

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT

The California School of Mechanical Arts

SAN FRANCISCO

With sincere thanks to our Advertisers.

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Engraving by The Commercial Art Company.

Printing by The James H. Barry Company.

To Aida Myrtle Burns, in appreciation of her intercession for the members of our class, we dedicate this book, with a heartfelt wish for her future happiness.

Faculty

GEORGE A. MERRILL, B. S., Principal.

GRACE RUTH SOUTHWICK, A. B. ..... English

THERESA M. OTTO, B. L. ..... German

MARION ADAMS, A. B. ..... History

MARY E. EDWARDS, A. B. ..... Mathematics

MAX B. PLUMB, B. S. ..... Mechanics

LAURA B. BRIDGMAN, B. S., M. S. ..... Physics

SIDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B. S., M. S. ..... Chemistry

EDA MENZEL ..... Free-hand Drawing

BRUNO HEYMANN, B. S. ..... Mechanical Drawing and Designing

MARY L. CRITTENDEN ..... Sewing

LILLIAN L. HYDE ..... Cooking

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The Senior Class
1908

CLASS OFFICERS.

JAMES B. BLACK, Treasurer.
HAZEL D. HENDERSON, Secretary.
CHAS. H. BRANSTETTER, Sergeant-at-Arms.
PAUL M. MILLER, President.

George L. Rodgers,

SAN JOSE

College Preparatory Course.

Now Rodgers, it really is a sin
To josh you about that Omega Nu Pin;
Now in Berkeley she must dwell—
We know it quite well
So you might just as well give in.

George A. Gallagher,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

The Tiger is moping in wretched sadness
For soon he will lose his fond keeper's caress,
You're our scholarship man
And were never "in can,"
"With lokkes crulle as they were layd in presse."

John P. Zipf,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

When Zipf goes to every class
We know his work is not surpassed.
But as an apparition fair
He certainly also did his share.

Barton H. Eveleth,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Eveleth, my boy, we've noticed of late
That acting surely will be your fate;
If the Orpheum manager had seen our class sketch
Five hundred a week we know you could fetch.

Gregory Padilla,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Special Course.

Padilla, when running you look very stunning,
With your heavy black hair flying out in the air
And we'll never forget you, early or late,
For the races you've won for the class of Naught-Eight.

Charles H. Branstetter,

LOOMIS.

Polytechnic Course.

Charles H. is a man of the track,
(Too bad he is not coming back)
For at Board of Control
It was his main role
To "Crowe" of what it did lack.

Mark Altman,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Chemistry Course.

There is Baron Marco,
Knight of the Fatherland;
We love to see your handsome face
A tooting in the band;
Oh! the music from your big French horn
Is surely something grand.

Robert W. Clyde,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

There was a young fellow named Clyde
Who oft to bluff history has tried.
His work surely shows
What little he knows,
Although he's the teacher's pride.

Arthur P. Cortelyou,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

There was a young fellow called Curly
Who was seen on the track late and early;
His smiles for the girls
Were to them just like pearls,
But which one of them now is his girlie?

Henry Glaser,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Chemistry Course.

Glaser, in Chemistry you're a wizz
Because you never take a quizz!
You're talk we enjoyed on Dynamite
But, if you please, keep it out of sight.

Warren E. Gallagher,

SAUSALITO.

Machinist.

There is a young boy named Warren G.
Who at baseball we often did see.
His catching was great,
But now it's too late
To show what he really could be.

Frank C. Czarnecki,

OAKLAND.

College Preparatory Course.

Czarnecki is very smart
But with his knowledge hates to part;
And many praises will be sung
If an explanation from him can be wrung.

Louise Houston,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

There was a young lady named Lou
Who had suitors, Oh my! so few!
They all at her gazed
When her brown eyes she raised,
But she said, "That was not meant for you."

Elwyn H. Bruns,

ALAMEDA.

Machinist.

Bruns makes fun for all the chaps,
He tells a joke and then perhaps
The "Prof" appears and tells him to
Stop his nonsense for there is work to do.

Edward P. Steininger,

PALO ALTO.

Polytechnic Course.

Steininger, of you not much we see
Save once in a while in history;
There your recitations are sublime,
But be careful not to mix dates next time.

Fred Bloch,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Where was our stage manager fine,
Who failed to show up the right time?
When time for the knock
Where was that man Bloch?
Why of course with his lady sublime

Henry N. Wolff,

ALAMEDA.

College Preparatory Course.

There is a young fellow named Heinie
Who certainly is not very tiny;
And when in a class
He looked at the lass,
He blushed and said, "Will you be minie?"

Stuart G. Wilder,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

"Stew" Wilder, our editor 'll certainly climb,
He can do so much work in such a short time;
For letting things go right up to the last
By no other editor are you surpassed.

Paul M. Miller,

FRUITVALE.

College Preparatory and Architectural Courses.

Here's to Paul Miller, our "Prex" and his flute!
Loyal, his name we will always salute!
May he be as successful in choosing his lass
As he was in presiding o'er our Senior Class.

Sidney B. Holman,

WALNUT CREEK.

Draughtsman.

Sid Holman is a lucky kid
To have such a charming "cousin";
At football she is never hid
For he has about a dozen.

Charles J. Kuchel,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

Kuchel with his rosy face
Goes strutting around from place to place.
We think he was raised on Mellin's food,
We'll say no more so as not to be rude.

Laurence Fabian,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Laurence, O Laurence; now what will we do
When no more German we'll have with you?
But think of this motto all your life through,
"You never must speak unless spoken to."

Samuel S. Jacobs,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Draughtsman.

Sam, Sam, the shop-notes man!
We never hear him, he's quiet as a lamb.
A drawing-teacher we think he'll be.
You don't think so? Well, wait and see

Walter W. Buescher,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Prepatory Course.

Buescher is the German lad
Who often looks so very bad;
When Fraulein asks him to recite
He looks up and says, "It's my delight!"

Alvin J. Stern,

HEALDSBURG.

Architectural Course.

Who at piano can keep such fine time?
Who at tennis is simply sublime?
Who do we see at every turn?
Who? Just Stern.

Carl W. Hohwiesner,

SAN RAFAEL.

College Preparatory Course.

Hohwiesner is our German lad,
In other things he is not so bad.
When he's not there we all surely feel
By not hearing his knowledge we lose a great deal.

Bruce R. Wetmore,

BERKELEY.

Chemistry Course.

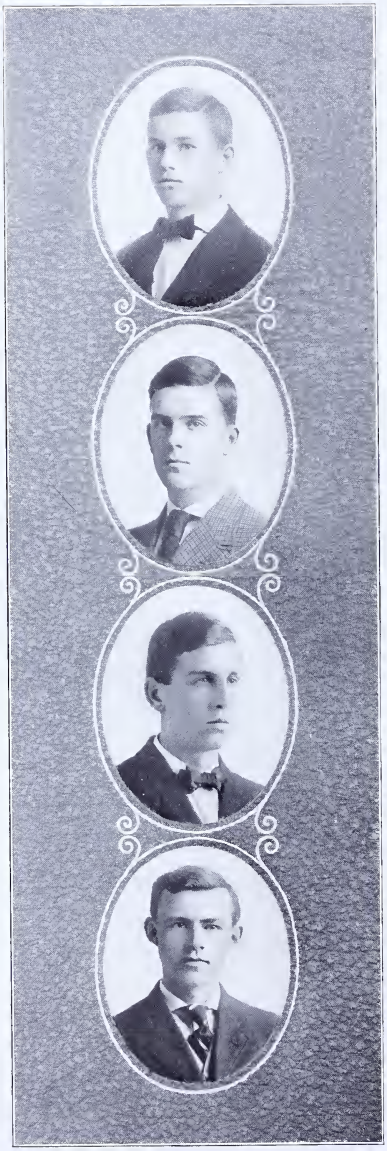
There was a young fellow named Bruce
Who for the girls had no use;
His work we all know
For he's something to show
And knowledge that will be of use.

Ethel A. Atkinson,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Miss Ethel Atkinson, queen of the stage!
If we wrote all her praises 'twould fill a whole page.
When the paint and the powder her face does adorn,
A more charming person there never was born.



Gerald D. Kennedy,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

Gerald is our foot-ball boy,
And every teacher's little joy.
When at college you will see
What a sensation he will be!

Archibald B. Tinning,

MARTINEZ.

College Preparatory Course.

Tinning, O Tinning!
When you smile so winning
They are after you all the time.
How could you resist
When they still persist
In letting their hearts for you pine?

Ralph H. Ensign,

LOS ANGELES.

Polytechnic Course.

Ralph Ensign is a jolly lad
Whose jokes and joshes drive us mad;
When away from school there is no one
Who will create for us such fun.

Howard L. Taylor,

OAKLAND.

Machinist.

"It takes nine tailors to make a man."
Now how can that possibly be?
If it takes nine tailors to make a man,
Then a ninth of a man is he.

Elizabeth Bridge,

MILL VALLEY.

College Preparatory Course.

There was a young lady called Bess
Who thought of nothing but dress,
  For being an actress
  With such little practice
Is doing quite fine—well I guess!

William G. Orton,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Draughtsman.

Orton is in drawing fine,
If not in free-hand, in mechanical line;
We will always remember his good work
For never a lesson did he shirk.

Robert M. Furlong,

SAN RAFAEL.

College Preparatory Course.

Bob Furlong, you're a dandy
For eating home-made candy!
And it filled us all with laughter
To watch you suffer after.

Fred L. Matschek,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

This little boy is from the shops,
And all day long he never stops
Running round to screw globes in their
  rows,
And such other things as nobody knows.

Henry Norman Nelson,

MENDOCINO.

Polytechnic Course.

Nelson, you'll find something blissful and dear
Out in the neighborhood of Haight and Belvedere;
As nightfall approaches we can see you appear—
We've watched each night for nearly a year.

Genevieve W. Sullivan,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

There is a young lady named "Gen."
Who extracts class dues from the men;
She's an '08 collector,
Though you'd never suspect her,
She gets it and spends it again.

Frank W. Ruebke,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Ruebke, you're a clever chap,
To catch "high balls" for you 's a snap!
We wonder if your illustrious name
Will ever be found in the Hall of Fame.

William R. Larzelere,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Larzelere, the time is near
For you to start on your career;
If in the future you'd succeed
We advise your putting on more speed.

Albert Leslie Oliver,

OAKLAND.

Polytechnic Course.

Oliver is a very wise man,
When it comes to managing, he certainly can;
Although on length he's not very long
He hands out the talk to us pretty strong.

Hazel D. Henderson,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

Now Hazel dear, when you are near
For all our boys we have such fear
Because your winning smiles and ways
Make them turn round and on you gaze.

Fred W. Jacobs,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

There was a young fellow named Fred
Who, we all know, is very well-read;
But what he will do
Is known to but few—
And therefore remains to be said.

George Lingard Payne,

MILL VALLEY.

Polytechnic Course.

Lingard G. has pretty black hair
Which he combs with a great deal of care;
His hands they are immaculate,
And he is very up to date;
His kind you know are very rare.

George I. Barnett,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Dodo is a smiling lad
But in German he's always sad;
And Fraulein thinks it is too bad
To make this little Cupid mad.

Mary M. Raber,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

Mary's hands were tightly clasped,
Her heart with joy was fillin',
And as the car went slowly past,
She spotted there her Milan.

Russell H. Cooley,

OAKLAND.

College Preparatory Course.

Russell Cooley, on you we depend
Never your money to foolishly spend;
But when with young ladies out strolling you go,
Be sure next time to bring enough dough.

Andrew L. Richardson,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

Richardson, did you ever stop to think
When your girl is skating round the rink
That people are watching you flirt and smile
And she has her eye on you all the while?

Graham John Mitchell,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

"Brick" Mitchell was his name,
  Football captain was his station;
You couldn't find a better chap
  If you searched through all the nation.

Thomas Finnegan,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Finnegan is a jolly chap,
  His name will plainly tell
Why though German he tries hard to
    speak,
  He cannot do it well.

Harold F. Percival,

KNIGHTSEN.

Polytechnic Course.

Percy had such curly hair
It made the Freshie girls all stare;
And when at him they chanced to look
He hid' that face behind a book.

Alfred A. Pyle,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

There was a young fellow named Pyle
Whose hobby was fashion and style;
  He put on swell clothes
  And loud striped hose,
You could see him for almost a mile.

Harold Greenberg,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

Greenberg is not very tall,
And yet again not very small;
And when he eats Mrs. Dettling's pies
For blocks away you can hear his cries.

William H. Jaenicke,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

Jaenicke, known as "Willie Fat,"
Is often seen without any hat;
The reason for this we can explain
He dislikes anything on his brain.

Joseph W. Criglar,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Criglar, the artist, with a pencil is great—
Draws caricatures which tell of our fate.
That this Tiger we know
Is improved by his show
Because May 1st he was not too late.

James B. Black,

OAKLAND.

College Preparatory Course.

There was a young fellow named Black
Who always for money did lack;
For when asked to dig down,
He looked up with a frown
And said, "No collectors are back!"

Adolph Morbio,

BERKELEY.

College Preparatory Course.

Down in the dark room you can see
Morbio doing photography,
Developing snaps of our heroes many
For fear when we leave there will not be
any.

Adolph P. Bilay,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Chemistry Course.

Who is that chap with the winning way
Who looks at the girls the live-long day?
Those pretty blue eyes?
We kind of surmise
That it must be Chubby Bilay.

George W. Mathis,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Mathis, with his hair so blond,
Of his work is very fond;
Most any day he may be seen
Making trinkets for his queen.

Ilma Pollhammer,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Ilma, O Ilma! you're growing insane
Over the stare of our deal little P——
With his hand on his heart and his cheeks
all aflame
We watch him in history, but you're not
to blame.

Rudolph C. Zimmerman,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Polytechnic Course.

Zimmerman lisped in a girlish way
As he tried his history lesson to say;
"I can't thay thith," he said aloud,
Which brought screams of laughter from the crowd.

Raymond H. Peterson,

MILL VALLEY.

College Preparatory Course.

Ray, O Ray! why did you stray
To the front of the boat as we sailed o'er the bay—
We watched you up there
Such a cute little pair!
Too bad that her brother was there!

Howard R. L. Dietterle,

SAN FRANCISCO.

College Preparatory Course.

There was a brave swimmer named Howard,
In the water he was not a coward;
He fought for old Lick
Through thin and through thick,
And his glory can not be overpowered.

Edwin H. Willmunder,

SACRAMENTO.

Machinist.

Willmunder, of your work we know
By kites and other things to show;
An inventor some day we hope you'll be
And have your name written in history.

Burt F. Dill,

SAN DIEGO.

Polytechnic Course.

Dill is quite a little boy,
Both his mother's pride and joy;
A member of our swimming team
  Although he's not quite sweet sixteen.

Albert Huber,

BERKELEY.

College Preparatory Course.

Al. Huber to Vallejo went
Because the baseball team was sent;
Now he's not sorry that he went there
Because of that little damsel fair.

Gertrude M. Barry,

OAKLAND.

Polytechnic Course.

There was a young lady named Gert,
Whose feelings were terribly hurt;
  She heaved a great sigh,
  As (?) went by,
And said, "Oh! he never will flirt!"

The Class of 1908

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—2 Timothy, iv: 7.

The Class of 1908 is done. Yet a few more days and they will have ceased to exist as a class and others will have taken their places. But before they take the plunge while they stand for a moment resting on the eminence to which they have climbed, let us look back over the steep and narrow path they have trod lest its beginnings be lost in a haze gathered through four years. They have finished the course. Let us see what kind of fight they have fought and how they have kept the faith.

They entered the school, one of the largest classes on record, and from the moment they did so the school was aware of it. But though they were numerous, it was rather the individual men, the blood and bone which made them successful in everything they have undertaken, which made them remarkable from their Freshman year up. The number has dwindled and those who helped make the Class and School famous have scattered to other places, but the Class still remains the controlling element in the School.

The Naught-Eight Class has the honor of being the first class to organize in its Freshman year, an example which has been followed with varying success by the succeeding classes.

Ralph Miller, our first president, started the class on the road toward a firm organization, and to his energy and leadership is due the strength of the class since. Since him, Beverly Coil, Bronson Tufts and Paul Miller have held the chair.

The Class officers have been elected every six months, and in this way the man for President of the Senior Class was found. Paul Miller had held the position before the Senior year, and to his judgment and ability he combines the experience of two terms in office. Jim Black, the Class Treasurer, deserves special mention for his management of the Class finances. He has had a difficult year and one necessitating much hard work, but his accounts have always come out right and he and his collectors have always raised the money. Miss Henderson has held the position of Secretary for several terms and was the first as well as last holder of the office. Charles Branstetter succeeded to the place of Charlie Bell when the latter left at Christmas, and the lower classes never passed the door while he was there. Altogether we have been most fortunate in the selection of officials throughout our school life.

In their second year the Class adopted a new constitution, the old one of their Freshman year being defective. The new constitution is the best ever produced by a Lick class and is the basis for all those of the classes since. It contained many original features which had never been considered by the preceding classes and provided the policy of the Class financially and in the matter of selecting officers.

Athletics have always been the strong suit of the Class. It is doubtful if a class anywhere has been so remarkable for its athletes. Of those who are no longer with them may be named Bell, Crabtree, Butler, Weber, Everett, Newton, Stevens, Lodge, Ralph Miller, Vail, Coil, Griffith, Cooley, Crow, Woodward, Merrill, Bromley and Johnson. The list takes in many of the greatest point-winners and line-smashers in the league. Add to this the names of those who remain and see what the Naught-Eight Freshmen were. Many made school teams in their first year and since then the majority of the big teams have been composed of men of this class.

In the interclass league they have been generally victorious. In track they have been defeated but once since their Freshman year, and on that occasion conceded the meet to Naught-Seven by two-thirds of a point. In football they have never lost the championship. Even the mighty Naught-Five Class made way for them. Baseball, however, is the only sport in which they have not shone. They were defeated by Naught-Nine last year, owing to the fact that with three exceptions the School team was Naught-Eight.

Social functions have been in evidence from the first. Most of the class were battered and bruised as a result of the first skating party, but this only encouraged them. The second and third years were marked only by unofficial efforts. Some of these were very much enjoyed, especially the moonlight hikes up Tamalpais and the trips to Dipsea. The Senior year, however, has been one to be remembered. The girls' Halloween Barn Dance, given to the boys, will always bring a laugh to anyone who was there. Through the kindness of Mr. Heymann the Mechanical Room was turned into an extensive ball-room. It was very tastefully decorated and costumes and disguises made the evening one to be remembered. Refreshments were served and at twelve o'clock the party adjourned to the football field where a midnight orgy was held around the "Witches' Caldron." The evening ended with great serpentine. It was a great success and the girls are to be congratulated on their work.

Another triumph of their versatility was the production of "Macbeth," under the direction of Miss Southwick, assisted by Miss Shultz, a talented actress from the University of California. The play was exceptionally well carried off by the actors. The proceeds of this and the other Shakespearian efforts by the other classes, helped to entertain the delegates of the Debating League. This is the first time anything of this kind has been tried and will be remembered as the pioneer year in dramatics at Lick.

The most enjoyable thing done by the Naught-eight Class was the boat-ride. Ralph Ensign and his committee are to be congratulated on their management and the way in which they handled matters. The excursion steamer "Monticello" was chartered and lunch was prepared for all. At ten o'clock on May 25th the steamer left the dock carrying over three hundred and sixty people. After going to Richardson's Bay and learning the results of the varsity boat-race, the boat headed for El Campo where the party landed for about four hours. The Lick-Wilmerding Band furnished the music for a dance at the pavilion there. Luncheon was served and the boat sailed for Mare Island, but did not touch. After sailing up the bay as far as Martinez, the trip home was commenced. The steamer arrived at her wharf about half-past nine. All hands voted it a most enjoyable day.

The Senior Seminar is one of the class's most serious activities. It is a meeting of the Seniors once a week for the discussion of technical topics and is presided over by the students in turn. The meetings are generally orderly and the topics have been invariably well chosen and well presented. Organized by the Senior President it has continued in spite of difficulties, something no other Seminar has done. It has demonstrated the ability of the class in the line of exposition without a doubt.

It is doubtful if any high school has ever presented a more enjoyable and successful play than "The Man from Mexico," which the Naught-eight Class presented on the first of May. The cast was chosen from all the classes, the Seniors, however, being in the majority. They spoke their lines with confidence and distinctiveness of professionals and some displayed considerable talent. The financial side was as great a success as the play itself and with over two hundred dollars, the amount netted, we should have a fine Senior Dance.

This last is to be held in Golden Gate Commandery Hall. It should be

a great success with the amount to be spent on it. There should be a considerable sum left in the class treasury and this, it is the intention of the Seniors, is to go to some worthy memento to be donated to the school by them. There are several things under consideration, among which are a fund for a school library and the cup-case. This will be a new departure in the policy of classes, heretofore it being customary to blow in all the class's money in a last great final dance. It is the belief of the Naught-eight Class, however, that their example will help to change this precedent and that succeeding classes will use their surplus for something worth while.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This, then, is a short record of the fight of the class of Naught-eight. Is it a good one? It is yet too soon to see whether they have kept the faith and lived up to the name of the school of which they are yet a part, but, judging by the beginning they have made, it seems probable that they will be heard from in future years and will always be a credit to old Lick.

The Class of 1909

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."
—Longfellow.

Another year has slipped by and dimly we Naught-Niners are beginning to realize that we are on the threshold of our Senior year. To most of us the time has passed swiftly, our rise from Freshman to Sophomore, then to Junior.

We have worked steadily forward and as our third year at Lick draws to a close we may look back over a record of which we have no need to be ashamed.

A glance at the Student Body shows a '09 man as secretary, a large percentage of '09ers on the "Tiger" staff, a member of our class with its numerals after a majority of the stories. Our scholarship standard is also very high as we may find by reference to our teachers.

In the Debating Society a '09 man, Simpson, has brought that organization out of a slump, and set it on its feet, while Miss Knell is its secretary and a '09 man holds down the job of treasurer. Thus '09 holds a majority of the electoral offices there.

Looking over school athletic teams we see ourselves well represented. In track, Little, Beuttler, and Meeker in the distances, Cowan in the relay, and Hupp on the field and in the hurdles, are men to be proud of.

Turning to the favorite fall sport, we find Michel playing steadily in football and Andrus, Hummel, Jones, Lieb, Murray, and Smith ready to do their best work for the school when needed.

With the spring the hard games of the basketball series were played, and we find '09 in the lead with "Cotton" Felt, Salbach, Worth, and Eaton on the team with Kent as first sub, all of whom did creditable work.

Swimming brought out Morser, Worth, and Jorgenson, who were in the six who put a stitch in the Academic relay record this spring.

In baseball we find the crack man on the team, with the exception of Captain Graff, is Kirby, '09, with Ingram and Dickey also out. This leaves us only with tennis in which '09 is not represented, for sad to say we have brought out no one to take the place of Guerin.

In the Inter-Class League we again find '09 out fighting.

At the dawn of the Christmas holidays, '10, '08, and '09 had played even in football, each having two games to their credit. Most noticeable of our games was that with '08 on the last day of school, when we defeated them to the tune of 8 to 5. This carried the season into January, and left the championship undecided until '08 defeated us with a score of 5 to 0.

Our girls who seemed the leading spirits of girls' athletics and activities last year, have sadly dwindled until we can scarcely total a bakers' dozen. Of the vacancies left by Clare Hodges in the basketball team, the boat club and the pastime club, only one has been filled by '09 girls. This was in the boat club and fell to Bertha Knell. It seems strange, but true, that a class cannot hold its girls through graduation, and it is the wish of the '09 boys that our class may hold those we have and perchance gain some more.

Out on the inter-class track, '09 did not make as good a showing as expected, owing to the fact that the last inter-class field day was to bring out men for the school team and not to gain points for individual classes.

As this goes to press we have no chance to see the results of the inter-class baseball and basketball games, in both of which '09 showed up victorious last year, but our chances appear good in both.

From athletics we may turn to debating and dramatics, and again we have cause to be proud for we find out of the six men on the two teams turned out this year four were '09ers, and the alternates on both teams were '09 men. On the Alameda team we had Simpson and Felt, and on the Lowell team Strouss and Beatty. The departments in the debating society, those of dramatics, literature and the Inter-Class League are headed by '09ers, and the '09 debating team won the Inter-Class Debating League this spring.

In dramatics Miss Fox and Strouss successfully arranged the Shakespearean readings, in which '09 gave a star presentation of "Twelfth Night." Our president, Dick Jones, held an important part in the Senior play, in which Salbach and Jorgenson also acted.

In social activities we may say without boasting that by the '09-'11 picnic our class has done more than any previous one to acquaint and organize the Freshies.

The Junior dance of the 28th of February, the first social event attempted by '09, proved highly successful and we are encouraged to try again and invite the whole school. This first dance was strictly '09, we having profited by the example of the '08 "barn party."

The '09 ties arrived at the last of the fall term, and after more than a year of talk, we were able to show the goods to the envy of the upper and lower classmen.

To avoid such another delay, the design for the '09 pin has been decided upon and a Senior hat committee is at work in order to usher in our last year with proper spirit.

Such is a brief summary, with, perhaps, a little self-praise of what the "last of the naughties" have done as Juniors, and as this year has been good let our next year be better. As Seniors let us work so that the name of '09 may go hand in hand with Lick's most prosperous year. It will be hard work and let no man shirk his share. We must bring from our midst men to take the highest positions it is in the power of the Lick Student Body to grant; they must be men who will not falter—they must put forth their very best for Lick and we must support them.

As Seniors, let us be worthy of the name of Lick students, for greater that class spirit, is school spirit—and it must never be said that the "last of the naughties" have failed where others have succeeded. Out watch words must be "Succeed, where others have failed." With this before us in Lick, how much easier it will be for us to master our problems when, a year from now, the great majority of us are thrown out on the dreary world to sink or swim.

Lick is not a school for dreamers, but for workers—and let us leave it so that our memory may linger in its dear old halls—so that future generations of "Seniors" may enter into their year of authority with pictures of our last year in their minds—so that the Seniors of to-morrow may have a record set them by the "last of the naughties," equaled by none, and beyond all to equal!

The Class of 1910

We shall soon bid farewell to the Naught-eight class. They are going from us with our highest respect for their futures.

When we were freshmen and everything was new, they cared for and guided the Ten class.

We are following in their footsteps and when they leave us we shall not let their record of first place in school activities go to any class but Ten.

At the beginning of the fall term this year a class meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers. Miss Desimone presided as Merle Berry was absent.

Pitchford was elected Class President; he has undoubtedly filled his office well, and besides become a popular fellow.

Miss Arendt, Mr. Randall and Mr. Hornick were elected to the Board of Control.

One of Pres. Pitchford's first official acts was to appoint Mr. Hornick chairman of a committee to write a constitution. The work was finished in a few weeks and the committee discharged as soon as the constitution had been adopted.

After that important document became class property business proceeded smoothly.

In the fall interclass meet we gave '09 (Lick) a hard rub for second place but they finally won out.

Besides this Holt, Baxter, Tooker, Russell Noyes, Daniels and Wynne made the school track team.

Easton and Deleray gained tennis laurels for our class, and Easton captained the school tennis team.

McNeil and Wilder made the swimming team for the fall meets, and McNeil swam for the school this spring.

During the winter Holt played on the academic basket ball team from this school and distinguished himself by his speedy playing.

In the Spring interclass we made a hard struggle for first place and we were beaten by '08 but not by '09 this time.

Despite the lack of dual meets the '10 track team is training regularly this season and will be a formidable opponent for any other class team.

The baseball team has had several practice games and the manner in which they played gives us hopes of winning the interclass. Strohl, E. Smith and Crowe this season have made an excellent showing on the school team, being well able to hold their own in "fast company."

Captain Creighton and Manager Sparrowe of the '10 basket ball team are due much praise for the manner in which they have organized our team.

Several practice games have been played and one interclass league game, '10 vs. '09, which was won by our team.

As the '09 game was expected to be our hardest, as in baseball, we have hopes.

A swimming team has been organized to compete with the Lowell '10 team, but as yet it is an unknown quantity.

Wilder is captain and Ackerman manager; we are confident that by their efforts a winning team will be turned out.

Block L's have been awarded by the school to McNeil, Holt, Randall and Easton during this year.

Girls' basket-ball is improving with steady practice. The team under the new captain, Miss Sundberg, has been showing its ability to do good work. At one of the class meetings block numerals were awarded to the Misses Arendt, Lindstrom, Boyd, Sundberg and Manheim for making the school team.

Debating has received its share of support by '10.

Miss Boyd besides making the school debating team, represented her class together with Beattie and Ackerman in the Interclass Debating League. Mr. Watt won the extemporaneous debating contest in the Debating Society. Mr. Oehlman is a hard worker and an ardent supporter of the Debating Society.

Mr. Ash has become an expert chess player and is at present trying to organize a chess club in connection with the Debating Society. A meet has already been promised from Lowell. Bobbie has the proper spirit and we hope he will win out.

Dramatics started with a bang when Bissell took the part of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." Miss MacDonald failed to produce the necessary doctor's certificate and consequently had to exert her voice in the part of Portia and succeeded in pronouncing sentence upon Shylock with surprising dignity. Miss Manheim took the part of Nerissa and seemed wholly unconscious of admiring eyes in the audience. Watt and Conard did Bassanio and Gratiano in a very realistic manner. Westphal's portrayal of Antonio was pathetic in the extreme and his acting was well received by an appreciative audience.

Miss Boyd, Lang and Dick Noyes have undoubtedly distinguished themselves when "The Man From Mexico" was staged by '08.

Several members of the faculty were interviewed to obtain their opinions of the '10 class, but the substance of their remarks leaked out and a committee of which sedate Miss Marshall was chairman, requested the "Tiger" to refrain from printing anything detrimental to the '10 class; however, the faculty's comments were immensely interesting.

After considering the serious demeanor of this committee it is only fitting that we stop this nonsense and let '08 judge from the facts herein stated the results of their tender care and affection.

The Class of 1911

The Class of 1911 has about finished its term as freshman, and as we are going up the trail toward the Seniors, we will have to get down to work to prepare for the time when we are Seniors.

In track in the Autumn Interclass we did not make much of a showing, not taking a place of any kind. At that time, however, there were many good men who did not even know what interclass meant. A few months after we tied for third place in the Bay Counties Freshman Track meet which Oakland ran away with. Captain Henderson's able work brought our standard up, however, and we made a great deal better showing in the second interclass than in the first. We are now looking out for capturing first place in the San Francisco Freshman meet which is coming in May. Altogether the prospects of the '11 track team look very bright.

In football we have one man who has won his block "L" already, Earl Phillips. The freshman football team made a fair showing, winning quite a few outside games. The material looks pretty good and we have big hopes in football next season.

The basket-ball team has been organized but a short time, but the material looks good and the prospects bright, and as soon as some form and team work is developed we expect to play a number of games. This will soon come undoubtedly under the capable work of Manager Leigh.

In baseball we have begun to work already and have won some games. In the present Interclass we will no doubt finish near the top. The men are coming out well for baseball.

In tennis we have Brunn, who has already won his "L" in the game. In class tennis we did not enter a team, however.

In debating we started out well when the inexperience of the team is considered.

The girls showed up well in all they went into. Miss Brown made a fine debater for the Freshmen team, also obtaining a place on the girls' school tennis team. The girls did well in basket-ball also, winning their numerals already.

Altogether '11 has done well for Freshmen, and we expect to do great things next year. So cheer up, Freshmen.

LITERARY
C. S. WINTER. '10.

James Lick

This man who has done so much for his adopted State was a native of Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, born August twenty-fifth in the year 1796. He learned the piano and organ-making trade in Hanover, a small town of his native State, and was an adept mechanic. His home conditions were probably those of the ordinary person of that period and place, his parents being what is known in our history as "Pennsylvania Dutch." His first business venture was in Philadelphia in 1820, but was soon given up to go to Buenos Aires, South America. From this place he started practicing his trade and traveling, and finally arrived in San Francisco twenty years later, or in 1847, two years prior to the great rush for California's goldfields.

From 1849 until 1876 he remained in this vicinity, gaining by careful investment and clear business insight the property which made him, at his death, a millionaire thrice over. His large estate (with the exception of a few hundred thousand dollars given to members of his family and providing for the erection of monuments over the graves of his parents) was given over to public uses through his deed of trust dated September 21, 1875. This famous deed provided for the Lick Observatory, the Lick baths, an Old Ladies' Home, the monument in the City Hall grounds, and other bequests for monuments, etc.; in addition to a provision for the erection and maintenance of our own institution, the Califoria School of Mechanical Arts. He died in the year 1876.

The foregoing gives briefly an outline of Lick's life, but probably even among those who are in some way benefited by his gifts, few know much of his private life and characteristics. We of the present find ourselves unable to get at the true personality of the man, and are only able to obtain our data from people who themselves received their information indirectly. So it is with the idea of keeping ourselves familiar with the facts about this great man through whom we are able to advance with skilled hands, that this review is given.

The following, Mr. G. A. Merrill, our principal, has kindly given us along with many other facts in regard to this "history":

It is to the late Dr. J. D. B. Stillman that the credit belongs of having suggested to Mr. Lick the idea of establishing a school of mechanical arts. The suggestion was conveyed from Dr. Stillman to Mr. Lick through the late David J. Staples, who was for many years President of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company.

After Mr. Lick's death the value of the estate was not sufficient to pay all bequests, so the original trustees decided to hold the property hoping for a rise in values. After a lapse of several years the value of the estate became sufficient to pay all the bequests, but instead of making an immediate distribution the trustees continued to hold the property for the benefit of the residuary legatees. Thereupon the men who had been named as directors of the school claimed that they were entitled to interest on their five hundred and forty thousand dollars from the date when the trustees had the means of paying the bequest. After prolonged litigation the suit was decided adversely to the school. The earnings of the school endowment went to the residuary legatees, who received in all one million, seven hundred thousand dollars. The case was settled in the spring of 1894, whereupon the directors of the school set about promptly to prepare plans for the school buildings. The field of work undertaken by the school had to be restricted to such as could

Farewell
San Francisco
Sept 18th 1848
James Lick

be maintained within the income derived from the endowment, which the court decision limited to the original five hundred and forty thousand dollars.

While this litigation was pending three of the members of the original directors named by James Lick—Messrs. Sawyer, Stillman, and Eldridge—passed away, and there followed shortly afterwards the death of Judge Boalt, who had also become a member of the board and who rendered important services throughout the litigation and in the legal incorporation of the school.

The school has made for itself, since then, a reputation that any institution of this sort could well be proud of and bids fair to maintain the excellent standard established for many years to come.

What sort of personality had the man to whom we owe all that Lick School means to us? His dominant motives appear to have been perseverance, honesty, and a singular independence in thought and life. His eccentricities were many but seem largely due to his solitary bachelor life.

Mr. Lick was a man of temperate habits, almost an ascetic. He acquired most of his education through his travels and experience, which made him very firm in his ideas and beliefs. He enjoyed his many books and spent much time in following scientific results of his day. It is said that if crossed or contradicted in argument he often became enraged and would leave his listeners abruptly. He would remain away from his friends after an instance of this sort sometimes for weeks. His return, after solitary brooding, willing to continue the discussion, would probably bring forth another tempest. His ideas on a subject were often so radical or unique and backed by such a disposition that few people found themselves tactful enough to offer him advice on any thing he endeavored to put through.

It is then not hard to imagine this self-reliant, free young fellow standing before the man whose daughter he had chosen to be his wife, and on the father's absolute refusal, swearing that he, James Lick, in time near at hand, would buy and sell the other's little mill and property at his pleasure. Whether caused from this oath or from opportunity, it is not known, but Lick became one of the largest mill-owners in or about San Jose.

After making his fortune he spent most of his time either at the "Lick House" here in this city or on his farm at San Jose, where there could be found many odd and rare trees which he had collected and planted there; he also took a great interest in his garden and it has been said that it bloomed the year 'round. Besides trees and flowers he was especially fond of children and animals.

There are now in existence few relics of Mr. Lick's handicraft, with which to brighten the memory or call attention to this great philanthropist of our State. The Society of California Pioneers had a life-size bust of Lick prepared by Rupert Schmidt, but this was lost in the conflagration of 1906. Stored in the vaults of the same society was the "death mask" taken through the agency of the late A. A. Von Schmidt and this also was destroyed. The Mechanics' Institute had a bronze medallion of Lick, while in the "Lick Old Ladies' Home" is the original plaster form from which the medallion was made. In our school are probably two of the best memorials of this sort; it is here that may be found the work-bench at which Lick spent a great amount of his time and which he brought from South America with him. Here also can be seen the autograph of Mr. Lick which was presented to the school by Mr. Louis Plank and is, as far as known, the only one in existence. It is his signature to a legal document bearing the date of 1848.

Just how Mr. Lick came to put his earnings in the hands of a board of trustees and dispose of them as he did is unknown, except in the case of our school. It is said that he was persuaded from putting his fortune into two pyramids, one to be placed on either side of the Golden Gate, as he realized

that he was about to die and leave a large estate, and he wanted to place his name before the people in such a manner that it would practically remain forever. Just who caused him to change his plans is not known, but certainly there are many people who thank this person to-day for the service he has done.

It seems a pity that a person with this man's great genius and intellect could not obtain under his conditions what he so longed for, a technical education. In all probability had he been given the advantages that many young men of to-day throw away, he would have risen to such prominence that his name would appear among those of the foremost scholars of that time; but realizing his position he gladly gave, and freely, for the benefit of those who would come after him, and find themselves in a like condition.

We, his beneficieries, can only show our appreciation by utilizing this golden opportunity given us to its farthest extent.

The Pilot's Story

We had watched from the pilot-house the pilot's careful handling of the big stern-wheel river steamer "Onisbo" as he drew out from the dock into the busy traffic of San Francisco Bay. He was occupied during the first hour threading his way between the ferry boats with their crowds of weary commuters, who gazed languidly at us as we passed, small launches which whistled indignantly as they rolled about in our wake, and great, slow-moving barges being hustled by dirty tugs whose sweating masters roared unintelligible protests at the pilot for making them drift in the fairway.

We were the mail-boat and must make time. As we sat watching the beautiful hills grow more dim and blue and the creamy Fairmont turn to solid gold in the setting sun, the call to dinner rang through the steamer.

Later we returned to the lofty pilot-house, for George Clark was an old friend of ours and something was sure to be forthcoming.

The boat was now entering Carquinez Straits, the "whoo! whoo!" of the exhaust beating softly and regularly into the soft night.

Astern, darkly beautiful, Tamalpais stood outlined against the afterglow; Mare Island lay to port, quiet and dark; the lighthouse on the shore cast a glimmering ray at minute intervals; while to starboard the great chimneys, trestles and buildings of the Selby Smelter were pricked out with lights, and the rattle of heavy machinery came faintly over the calm water.

Suddenly a blood-red flood of molten ore crawled sluggishly and maliciously down the embankment to greet the waters of the bay with a snarl of rage and straightway thrash and fume it into a cloud of vapor. Above and dwarfing this, rose the Contra Costa hills, soft and tame in the light of a rising moon.

We stood looking entranced at the view, and it seemed almost a desecration when George broke the silence by saying, "Boys! see that lumber wharf? I had the only accident I ever had right there."

We saw a long low pier which extended parallel to the shore for some distance. It was covered with piles of timber and seemed harmless compared

to the evident dangers of the rocky Solano beach and the swift current which set toward it, but we kept silent: a story was in sight.

"It was during the great railroad strike of '94. Every old junk on the river was carrying passengers and freight. A round trip took two days, and we didn't even get a day off in the city. It was load her up and away. Oh! I tell you, it was a busy season. Militia on all the trains when they did run and wrecking or dynamiting a fair certainty for every one that pulled out. So everybody that could rode with us. We had had no trouble; only a few threats in the yards at Port Costa, for we landed everywhere then.

"So we left every other day for six weeks, never a day off, always loaded to the guards.

"I had just taken out my papers. Proud! Oh, no! Scrub pilot on the old 'Pride'! Slow? Why, when we hooked her up she could do all of seven mile. She was a beaut'! You can't remember her, I guess. Her main deck was high and freight deck low—upper works were always awful flimsy and high up, anyway.

"We were all dead tired. There was a terrible lot of extra landings to make 'fore we reached the regular ones. You see, we had passengers, mail, and freight for all the bay.

"This particular trip we had a load. Freight deck jammed full of stuff and main deck and upper deck thick with passengers. I remember noticing how many women and children there were aboard.

"In the afternoon I was on duty and we were plugging along against just such a tide as this. We had to land at Crockett, so I was keeping close in to make that wharf, worst on the river, too, right behind the end of the lumber wharf. So I had to pass the corner as close as possible. I whistled for the landing. All the Dagoes piled forward and old 'Dunk' Sherman (guess he died 'fore your time—best mate on the river) was a-bullyragging 'em to clear the gangway, and the passengers were watching over the taffrail.

"I remember just as clear looking aft to see how she was swinging. I heard a piercing scream; there was a terrible crash. The whole cabin seemed to lift. I swung the telegraph to 'Stop.' The frightened screams and yells, the ripping and tearing of timbers was awful. I'll never forget 'em. I tried to climb along the side of the cabin and see what was up. The wheel swung free and the whole boat appeared to be going over, away from the wharf.

"I hit the dock in plain daylight and caused the death of hundreds of women and little ones. I must drown too. All this took only a second, but the thousand things that flashed through my head—I was a murderer; I could not show my face.

"I looked out of the window of the slanting cabin. I was right over the green water. I let go. It was forty feet to the bay, and I went out of that window and into the bay, never intending to come up. I went under some. But I suddenly felt that life was pretty valuable and I wanted to see what came next, bad. I came up a-whooping, but it seemed to take hours. That first breath was wonderfully encouraging.

"When I got my eyes clear I saw the decapitated hull of the 'Pride' a little ways up stream. She was wiped clean. Only the barge-like hull with a cloud of steam floating over it amidships and old Jimmy Reed standing between the engines of his beloved 'high-pressures' looking dazed and unhappy at the wreck.

"But down stream the whole upper works was drifting calmly, badly careened and the stack with a rakish list, but it was a very good float.

"The passengers were climbing for the roof something remarkable, and it wasn't always ladies first, either.

"A few heads bobbed up here and there. I grabbed a fat woman who was making heavy weather of it and towed her to the low wharf and boosted her up. She was awful thankful, too.

"The Dagoes were all there ahead of us, jabbering and pointing to a great eighty-foot pile which was wedged in between the wharf piling and stuck out sixty feet over the bay. I tell you that raised a load off my head. I saw it all.

"Those bloody strikers had planned the whole job. They were sore because they thought we were helping the railroad. They rigged up the spile so that when we whistled they could run it out quickly and still the end would be wedged fast in the piling of the dock. Then it would smash the cabin, wreck the boat, and drown hundreds. But the wharf was low, the tide was high, and the pile just cleared the top of the hull. So it wiped the house off of her like crumbs off of a table, and no one was badly hurt, as I guess you know.

"The 'Apache' came along and picked the scared passengers up.

"There was a big sensation when the cause was seen, but the villains escaped. The damage was large and every effort was made to capture the perpetrators, but they never did. The regulars were called out, but the hounds that did that sort of work kept close under cover. At the investigation old Cap. Bermington gave me my first and last 'vacation'!"

George reached for the whistle and we started at the blast. We had gone through the "Straits," and now the moon-swept upper bay opened its broad reaches to us. But this was our landing. We climbed down the ladders, damp with dew, to George's hearty "Good-night, boys!"

ARCHIBALD TINNING, '08.

Molly C

The sun was sinking over the hills back of the little town of Milford. The loungers on the porch of the one little hotel were discussing the crops, weather, and other topics when their attention was called to a new arrival in town.

A, small, tanned man with a sharp, wizened face was slowly riding down the one street. He was mounted on a small chestnut mare. He seemed to have come a long distance, the mare was caked with dust. He stopped at the trough in front of the hotel and slowly dismounted. The proprietor of the hotel came out and took hold of the bridle to lead the mare around to the stable. But the stranger still held on, saying:

"No, no, pardner, I'd ruther tend ter Molly myself. She comes of good stock and I'm mighty keerful with her."

"Look out, Jim, that fuzztail must be handled with care. She's too speedy for you, Jim."

A loud laughter greeted this remark of Dutch Fred, the wit of the town.

"Well, I reckon she is pretty speedy for this burg," answered the stranger as he stroked the mare's neck.

This touched a sore spot. Milford prided herself on her fast horses. Every one had a horse that he believed was a world beater. Several horses

from Milford had been sent to the state fair where they had captured several stakes.

The feet came off the porch railing and each inanimate lounger became a great race-horse owner, eager for a race. They flocked around the stranger offering odds on their horses. Finally the stranger left them to decide on the horse to run against the chestnut.

After a half hour of heated discussion they decided that "Smoky," a horse owned by Bill Doyle, was the legitimate opponent for the mare. Milford went to bed that night and dreamt of horse races in which the little chestnut mare was lengths behind.

At three o'clock the next afternoon the sun was beating down upon several hundred people in holiday dress who had come for miles around to see the race. The course was five hundred yards from Wemple's gate to the finish in front of the hotel.

Smoky, Milford's pride, was prancing up and down the street, shaking his head impatient for the race. He was a large black, built like a greyhound. He stood several hands higher than the mare and weighed at least two hundred pounds more. The other competitor was tied to a fence while her owner was sponging her legs. She was surrounded by a curious crowd, anxious to get a glimpse of a horse who was expected to have a chance with "Smoky."

A hush fell upon the crowd. The horses were going to the spot. As they came down the street together a laugh went up. Smoky, dancing from one side of the street to the other, was certainly a contrast to the little mare as she walked steadily along. "Ten to one," shouted some one in the crowd. A laugh went up at the thought of the mare having any such chance.

A shot, and the first heat was on. The crowd surged toward the middle of the street leaving just enough room for the horses to file past, Smoky some three lengths in the lead. This put the crowd into good spirits. Cowboys with their month's wages were offering reckless odds on their favorite but of course could find no takers.

The stranger rode his mare up to the porch of the hotel, where the jubilant spectators were "having one on Bill," and said, "What adds will you give me? Boys, I am a failure. My ranch is mortgaged. This race means everything to me. I have scraped up two hundred dollars and if I win the race I can stall off the mortgage and save my old mother and father a place to end their days." He pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket.

"Stranger," said Bill Doyle, acting as spokesman, "we don't want your coin. That cayuse of mine is the fastest thing in these parts. Better save your money."

"You're afraid, you pikers!" flashed the little man as he shook his roll of bills at the crowd on the porch. The crowd immediately went into session in the hotel barroom and soon returned to where the stranger was waiting.

"We've decided to take your two hundred dollars, little one," said Bill, "but we want to give you a fair show. Ten to one, our two thousand dollars against your two hundred, and I'll hold stakes, please." Without a word the stranger passed over his roll and started for the post.

The second heat of the race will be remembered for years in Milford. At the crack of the gun the horses ran side by side, first one a few inches ahead, now the other. The spectators went wild. Shouts and curses entreated their favorite to "kick dust in his face," and although Smoky responded nobly to the whip and spur he was beaten out at the finish by half a length. Still the crowd had faith in their favorite. "Saving him for the final heat," was the excuse with which they condoled one another.

After an hour's wait the horses went to the post for the final heat.

"We'll show these rubes this time, Molly," said the stranger as he was waiting for the start. At the crack of the gun the mare jumped to the lead. At the half way post she was five lengths ahead. The mare was running smoothly and evenly while the black was laboring under punishment. The crowd that had been so cheerful and confident but a few minutes before did not utter a sound as the mare crossed the line about a dozen lengths ahead. The stranger turned his mount, rode directly to the hotel porch, coolly counted the bills which were handed him, and then loped over the hill out of sight.

The men on the veranda looked at each other sheepishly for a moment and then burst out laughing.

"I'm glad for his mother's sake, anyway," said one of them.

"So'm I," agreed the rest.

Just then a man drove up to the hotel and stopped. "Hello, Mike," went up in one shout from the porch. Mike was a jovial Irishman and was always hailed with delight for his stock of jokes and stories.

"Wot's all the fuss about?"

"Where've you been, Mike?"

"Been to the mill fer a load of lumber, and bejabers if I didn't get a busted axle on th' way down, and delayed me two days at Janesville, and how in thunder my guest is making out is more thin I kin understand."

"Your guest? Thinking of opening up a hotel, Mike?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. But I have th' honor of kaping 'Molly C.' and her owner, Mr. Foster. Ye see, this mare won about all the big stakes at Emeryville until her feet went back on her so her owner, Foster, who also is her jockey, was recommended to me ranch as a nice quiet place where he could take the rest cure until the opening of next season where none of them clocker fellers could come asneakin' around with a watch. Well, so long, fellers. Git up, you pie-biters."

J. W. CRIGLAR, '08.

Mexico

Mexico, the picturesque, the home of the 'dobe houses and old cathedrals, is to me one of the most interesting countries of the world. It is the very simplicity, the crudeness, and the unique ways of the natives that makes Mexico so attractive. The brownish-white of the 'dobe houses, an occasional tree here and there, a small stream with hardly enough water in it to supply the necessary means for cleanliness, the sameness of everything, all supplemented by a background of tall, bare, awe-inspiring mountains, is typical of only one country—Mexico. But these things will not long remain as they are, for Mexico is rapidly becoming modernized. Already its largest cities have their foreign colonies (mostly Americans and Germans), and their foreign clubs, from which the natives are excluded. The wealthier Mexicans are sending their children to the United States to become educated, who, upon their return, spread new ideas of society and dress among the people, which can not but have their effect upon them. But we are dealing with Mexico in its present and practically undeveloped state, not with what it will be in the future.

The street life of Mexico offers a combined study of architecture, dress, customs and human nature for the tourist. The astonishing number of children who seem to emerge from every doorway and alley gives one the impression that President Roosevelt's policy is being carried out more faithfully there than in our own country. The Mexican parents show the greatest possible affection for their children. There the idea seems to be what's the use of having a son if you can't work for him; while here in America, father's motto is, what's the use of having a son if you can't work him. And for every child, there must be at least four dogs and cats from the Mexican hairless dog, whose very dejected aspect compels the pity of all who gaze upon it, to a little insignificant breed of canine (which averages about six inches in length) called the Chihuahua dog. This latter dog possesses a bark so out of proportion to its size that it seems as if its recoil must certainly jar the poor beast to death. Since these little "dog apologies" are so very easily handled, the youthful natives find no difficulty in subduing them to the point where they can hold the poor things up by the tail, and point with pride to their marvelous daring and courage.

But while discussing the "jungle life" of Mexico, we must not forget the burros, the Mexican beast of burden. It is a common sight to see a burro so laden down with huge bundles of wood, as to be almost indiscernable. Yet they plod along so faithfully, with such a sad, forlorn and melancholy look in their half-closed eyes, and an air of submissiveness about them, that you love them at first sight. They work from dawn till darkness, eat only what they can pick up here and there, and yet keep fat upon it. They can live upon what a horse would shun, and that is the secret of their success. They may truthfully be called the real "bread-makers" of Mexico, for without them I don't know what the natives would do.

The houses of Mexico, made of adobe, and set up in any convenient spot, without any regard for uniformity, are another very interesting spectacle. Most of them are built in the form of a rectangle, with the doors of the rooms facing a little court or Patio in the center, and no matter how poor the occupants (if they can afford a Patio at all) it usually contains flowers of some kind and a mocking-bird or two. The outside windows are protected by iron bars, for no reason other than it is an old custom established centuries ago. They are all of one story, with the exception of the more modern stores, etc. Many of the wealthier class import building materials from the United States, and have their homes built upon the American ideas of architecture. But invariably these homes are surrounded by stone fences, giving forth an air of secretiveness which makes one wonder what they contain that must be guarded so carefully. It is another custom of the well-to-do class to name their houses after their wives, such as Kinto (house) Amelia, or Kinto Carolina, which only goes to prove still further, their affection for their families.

Very few of the cities have electric street-car systems (Mexico City being one of the few), the power not being horsepower either, for again the ever-useful burro is pressed into service and made to haul the populace around town. The street-cars themselves are little wooden affairs as wide as they are long, which seat, I should judge, about twenty to thirty persons, and which teeter up and down and bob along until one begins to feel of his teeth to see if they are still there. They are drawn by two burros which have to be beaten, when going down a grade, to keep from being run over. Once in a while they grow obstinate, but the driver's arguments are augmented by a long lash of raw-hide which usually prevails in the end. There was one thing I could not become reconciled to: the idea of paying six cents carfare, when I only paid five at home. And they don't issue transfers either.

The most well-known article of their wearing apparel is perhaps their

big sombreros. They are all more or less of the same shape, with a brim of from six to eight inches in width and a crown of from ten to twelve inches in height. But they differ in quality. The peons, or poor class, wear them made of straw, with more or less ornamentation, according to the size of their pocket books. The finer grades of hats are made of heavy felt and cost from six to five hundred dollars, according to the decorations of gold and silver upon them. Some of them are very beautiful, but extremely heavy. The dress of the peons is generally the same, consisting of a soft shirt of cotton material, a pair of very tight fitting trousers supported by either a sash or a belt (and which, by the way, look extremely bad upon a Mexican with large feet), and shoes made of heavy Mexican leather, of which there are many varieties. The very poor wear sandals. The oft-heard-of suits of green and gold worn by the wealthy, are rapidly going out of existence, for with the modernization of Mexico, they are adopting more and more the American tailor-made clothing. And some of the styles worn by the young Mexicans fresh from the American colleges, would open the eyes of some of our own boys. The Mexican women used to dress in many varieties of color, resembling somewhat a lot of butterflies, but the church has made them adopt a "less noisy" fashion, and now black is the prevailing color.

With the advancement of Mexico, great fields for the young engineers of the United States are opening up. There is more wealth in her mines than Mexico herself realizes, but the United States knows it, and sooner or later we will control that vast territory, and when we do we will make of it one of the greatest countries of the world. Even though they were progressive enough under the present government of the majority of the cities (where two or three very wealthy citizens own all the land and business interests), they can not expand if they would. But all that will be remedied in time, and we will all live to see Mexico our most valuable possession.

F. B. HORNICK, '10.

A Daring Deed

While hunting cattle last fall in the mountains, I camped one night at the cabin of an old mountaineer. As we sat before the blazing log of a large fireplace, he told me the following story:

It was in the spring in the early seventies, when placer mining was still carried on to a great extent in the mountain valleys. Below us ran a swift river whose rocky banks rose almost perpendicular to a height of ninety or one hundred feet. At this point the canyon widened into a small valley about a quarter of a mile wide and twice that distance long. Here was a mining camp of eighty or one hundred miners.

The snowfall had been exceedingly heavy the preceding winter, and now it was rapidly melting from the warm spring rains. The water was high—in fact it was near the danger mark in this small valley.

Ten miles up the river was another mining camp. On that morning the miners in this camp had narrowly escaped death from a great landslide.

Loosened by the water, a whole mountain side slid down into the narrow canyon. It formed a dam across the river and backed the water up several miles. The miners on the river near the landslide hastily left. They saw their danger and did not tarry.

Then some one thought of the camp further down the river. A warning must be carried to them. At any time the dam of loose dirt might give away. If it did the camp in the valley would be swept away by the torrent. Some one called for a volunteer to carry the warning, and a Norwegian, a stranger to all the miners, stepped forward. He had with him his long skees, and, like all his countrymen, he was an expert in their use. Where he had come from nobody knew.

Taking one careful look at the dam, which already showed signs of weakening, he sped swiftly away on his race against death. Now up hill, now down, through trackless forests, across dangerous ravines, he pursued his journey. Mile after mile dropped away behind him. Then he came to an obstacle which seemed in a fair way to stop him.

It was a small but apparently impassible river. He went down stream, then back up stream, without any success. But obstacles in his road only made him the more determined. Get across the river he must, but how?

Then he came to a place where the river was very narrow, being not more than fifty feet wide and the opposite bank was lower than the one he was on. Back of him was a steep but smooth slope. The thought came to him, could he leap the gap? He had often jumped twice as far in the tournaments. He would try it.

Slowly he ascended the hill and picked out the path for his descent. Slowly he started down, then faster and faster he tore on, until at the brink he was racing with the speed of an express train. He made the descent standing and crouched as he neared the river. Then, just at the edge, he sprang to his full height. For an instant he seemed poised in midair. His eye caught a glimpse of the swirling waters beneath him. Failure meant death, not only to himself, but to the one hundred miners who, unconscious of their danger, were working in the little valley. In that instant when he seemed in Death's clutches, his whole life passed before his mind. His hopes, his ambitions goaded him to desperation. He must hold himself steady and land safely. And he did.

Quickly he carried the warning to the miners, and quickly they left the valley—left their homes for the safety of higher ground. They had no time to lose. Up the canyon could be heard the roar of rushing waters, and the seething, foaming mass broke upon the little valley.

The rescued miners saw their land washed away, their homes lost. It was a scene of desolation. Then they thought of their rescuer. They must reward him with all they had to give—their thanks.

But he was nowhere to be found. Silently and unnoticed by anyone he left, and none of them ever saw him afterwards to recognize him.

With this his story closed, but I could see by the faraway look in his eyes that he was thinking, thinking of the day when he took that leap.

W. R. McNAIR, '11.

How It Might Have Happened

Slowly but surely the Athenian army was bringing nearer and nearer the destruction of Aretria. Nobly and desperately fought the inhabitants of the besieged town, but to no avail. Terrible engines of war, rams and catapults hurling immense stones, were smashing and destroying the defenses of the city. Finally, with the capture and siege almost consummated, the city, starving and exhausted, opened its gates and surrendered. Thousands of Greeks rushed into the city and disobeyed the word of the commander. Houses were plundered, people were massacred or else captured by the Greeks to be used as slaves.

Midst the tumult and excitement a fair looking girl ran wildly through the streets. Two Athenian officers, Callitedas Alcides and Lamadecus Perdenes,. saw the girl, and admiring her beauty, rushed to capture her. The defenseless girl threw herself on the mercy of the soldiers. But cruel-heartedly they ignored her piteous pleadings. Each claimed he saw her first, and therefore she was his prize. Bitter words ensued, swords were drawn, and Callitedas and Lamadecus battled for possession of the girl. But others intervened. They persuaded the claimants to bring their case before the king and abide by his decision. The king gave the maiden to Callitedas Alcides. Then Lamadecus Perdenes swore by the gods, he would have vengeance, and his family should be the bitter enemies of his foe's. Thus the bitter family feud was started.

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Agedes Perdenes was sitting in the living room of his house, meditating. He was an aged man, proud of his family, of his ancestors and himself. His daughter, Juvine, sat quietly by his side, ready to serve him. She was a noble-looking girl, of the type which sculptors and painters idealize. Inwardly she was as fine as her outward appearance, and suitors from far and near asked for her hand. But she spurned them all, spurned rank and wealth for a youth below the rank of many of the others.

Suddenly, the old Grecian asked, "Was Nicenus here today?" "Yes," came the answer. "He seems to come quite often, for a friend, and you must be quite familiar with him," continued the old man with a searching and crafty look. The girl blushed and looked ill at ease, but did not answer. Agedes meditated a little longer. Although a man with the highest respect in the town, he harbored in his mind an inherited hostility toward the Alcides family. His father and grandfather had told him of the bitter feud, and his proud nature desired the vindication of his family honor. Nicenus was a member of the hated clan and deep in his heart he hoped to secure revenge by doing the young man an injury. But how to do it was a question upon which he had meditated long and which was in his mind this evening.

Suddenly an inspiration came to his mind. Nicenus was a member of the Pythagorean, a philosophical society founded by Pythagoras in Metapontum, to which town both the Alcides and Perdenes clans had immigrated a few generations before. Nicenus, of a studious and philosophical nature, had joined the society and was an active member. "They will see to his death," was the thought of the conspirator, "without implicating myself." Then he turned to the girl and said, "Juvine, if you should see Nicenus again, ask him to write out the proof of a mathematical problem of his society. Force him to it if necessary. Then bring it to me." With that he left the room. The girl wondered at such a command, but it was her duty to obey.

"But it means death to me," expostulated Nicenus, when Juvine asked him for that which her father instructed her to do. "We are not allowed to give our secrets, under the penalty of death, but since you have set your heart upon it, I must accede, since I value your love more than my life."

Thereupon the young Grecian constructed a figure on a parchment, with the proof for the proposition, and gave it to Juvine. With the assurance that his colleagues would not find him out, he left her.

Agedes received the parchment with a treacherous glint in his eyes. Roughly he ordered his daughter to command that he be not disturbed that evening. Then he sent a message to the leader of the Pythagorean society, and examined the parchment. He became quite interested and voiced his approval by grunts of satisfaction and nods. He set to work to duplicate it, and had just put it in his library when the servant announced the noted philosopher. Agedes comprehendingly looked about, but recovered his self-composure in an instant, and sent for his visitor.

It did not take long for him to explain that Nicenus had violated the sacred rules of the society. He showed the parchment and his visitor said that it looked like the script of Nicenus. He swore that Nicenus had come to him with the parchment, and said that he was going to make himself famous by publishing the work of the society. Nicenus needed money, was his explanation, and had applied to him for aid.

Eagerly he awaited the decision of the great scholar, and it was with cruel joy that he heard the remark, "Nicenus must die. He has proven traitor to our society. There is one fate for all such." He thanked the sneaking Agedes, took the parchment, and left.

As he passed through the entrance, Juvine rushed from a room adjoining her father's, to her chamber. She had been eavesdropping. She realized that her father wanted the death of her lover. The revelation of her father's character and her lover's danger, from what she had heard, was too much, and the girl swooned.

When she regained consciousness her thoughts were, "Nicenus must know. He must flee from the city. There is no time to be lost. Oh! that I carried out my father's order."

These thoughts were multiplied as she hurried to Nicenus' house. She dashed into the entrance and enquired for him. Too late! "Nicenus was summoned to the society," said a servant. Slowly and sadly Juvine went home, her heart overflowing with grief. But she was not inactive. As she thought of the stories of the society Nicenus had told her, she thought she saw a chance for his escape, and promptly picked up heart.

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Nicenus Alcides has been found guilty of giving out our secrets and is therefore sentenced to death at sunrise. This was the verdict which the society rendered. The meeting for the purpose of trying Nicenus was held in an old house, on the outskirts of Metapontum, safe from the eyes of inquisitive persons. Nicenus had attended many meetings at this place, and now he was to die. Nicenus, whom all had loved and honored, by far the youngest of the society, had proven traitor and it was his fate to die. But all sentiment was omitted from such matters, and Nicenus was to die like a miserable traitor.

Only until sunrise to live. Nicenus thought of his home, over his parents who would grieve over his mysterious disappearance, of his country, and of Juvine. He lay in a small, shallow dungeon, a heavy chain about his foot, He could not conceive how the secret had been discovered, and at such an early date. Then of a sudden he recollected. Yes, there was an ancient feud between his family and the family of Agedes. His father had told him when a little boy, but he had nearly forgotten it. Probably Agedes Alcides had——and there he stopped.

For at the top of his prison he heard a sound. He turned his face upward. There was Juvine! Pale, but majestic in calmness Juvine reached downward. She could easily touch him, for the dungeon was shallow and his jailers had not deemed it necessary to take extra precautions. A band of iron had been fastened about his left foot and connected with a heavy chain to the stone floor. The bonds were so massive that the prisoner could not possibly escape.

How to get him free was the question. The girl had neither the tools nor the strength to break his bonds. To linger long meant probable detection. It looked as though Nicenus must remain a prisoner and meet his doom, after all.

But an idea came to the hero in distress. He asked for her heavy scimetar, and before she could prevent it, smote off his left foot with the knife. A horrified scream from the girl was heroically stifled, and Nicenus, bleeding, but free, rose from the dungeon. Quickly the girl tied his wound. They mounted fast horses which she had provided, and fled to the sea.

Then a search was made for a ship to take Nicenus from the country. At last they found a ship, ready to sail for Carthage at sunrise. The captain finally consented to take Nicenus with him for a large bribe. Nicenus boarded the vessel, bade good-by to his fair rescuer with tears in his eyes, and fondly gazed on his native country.

At sunrise the ship spread sail, the rowers bent to their oars and the ship put out to sea.

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The sun was showing its face o'er the western hills, as the Pythagoreans prepared for the death of their traitor. The preparations were completed and they went to get their prisoner. But, lo! he was gone. But a foot with the collar and chain remained, and the place was covered with blood. Enraged, the furious Pythagoreans tracked what they believed to be the prisoner's trail. Here and there dried blotches of blood could be seen, and also a freshly made trail of two horses. To the shore they continued, for it was reasonable that the fugitives would try to leave the country.

And there they saw something which interested them. Far out at sea they could see a sail. It was small, kept growing smaller, until it finally disappeared. The ship was bound for Carthage, they learned.

But was the fugitive on that vessel? How were they to find out? They made enquiries as to the passengers and learned that a man without his left foot had embarked on the vessel. Thereupon it was decided to continue the pursuit.

A large vessel with two banks of oars was secured and prepared for the pursuit. Several of the Pythagoreans made up the complement, and in a surprisingly short time the pursuing ship put out to sea and headed for Carthage.

Winds were favorable and the great ship plowed through the waves in pursuit of the smaller. But there came a change. Black clouds began to gather in the sky. The wind increased and increased until it developed into a terrific storm. Thunder and lightning, accompanied with torrents of rain whirled about by the hurricane, increased the terrors of the night. The ship was tossed about like a cork. A great wave would raise it and suddenly the ship would come down in the trough with a terrific shock. All was given up for lost. None ever hoped of seeing land again. But here the storm subsided, the sky cleared, and the sun shone on the pursuing ship, battered and disabled, but still afloat. The pursuit was again renewed and the crippled vessel bravely continued toward Carthage.

Days passed. The lookouts in the masts had seen nothing but the blue sky overhead and water. The pursued ship had not been sighted.

Suddenly, a cry was heard, "A sail, a sail." Sure enough, far to the

south, a sail was seen. An effort was made to overtake the vessel. The rowers rowed their hardest. All sail possible was spread. Nearer and nearer came the pursuer to the strange vessel. Slowly but surely the ship annihilated the distance between them.

It was the pursued vessel bound for Carthage. It being useless to try to battle with such a superior force, the brave little vessel surrendered its passenger Nicenus, and again Nicenus was the prisoner of the Pythagoreans. A constant guard was kept over him, so that he could not take his own life, and the ship made its way back to Metapontum.

Things progressed smoothly. The ship, being crippled by the storm, could make its way but slowly. The complement was confident that their destination would be reached in a few days, when a strange sail was seen in the horizon. It kept coming nearer and nearer, headed in the direction of the ship. To the terror of those on board the other, the strange ship hoisted the black flag of piracy. The deck swarmed with armed men ready to massacre the peaceful vessel's passengers.

The hearts of the crew and passengers of the late pursuer, but now pursued, sank. To be captured by pirates meant death or slavery. To be not captured meant to fight and destroy the pirate. The crew of the pursued vessel knew it and prepared to battle as hard as their crippled condtion would permit.

On came the pirate with the black flag. Its prow was pointed directly amidships of the other vessel. The latter made a desperate attempt to get out of the way, but they came together. The sharp prow of the pirate crushed the sides of the Greek boat like an eggshell. They grappled, a gang plank was thrown across and the pirates, an awful looking band of cursing cutthroats, rushed aboard. Determined was the resistance, nobly and well fought the Grecians. But the pirates were too numerous. With curses and yells, terrifying in themselves, they cut down their victims. The deck was covered with dead and dying, it was slippery with blood, when the cutthroats ceased. For there was no others to fight. All were either dead or captured, except Nicenus who had been imprisoned below.

The vessel was settling lower and lower. The starboard side had been crushed by the prow of the pirate, and it looked as though the vessel would sink. Quickly the treasure was transferred to the pirate. Hastily the captives were carried on board. A pirate came to the spot where Nicenus lay. He saw the wounded foot, and with an oath and a kick let him remain there, with the remark to a comrade that he would be of no use as a slave and could not bring a price which would pay for the trouble and expense of keeping him.

And so Nicenus was left on the sinking ship to find his grave beneath the waves.

But the ship did not sink. It drifted slowly with the current. Whither Nicenus did not know. With great exertion he was able to free himself and go on deck.

The sight there made him faint. The deck was covered with scores of dead men. The deck was slippery with blood. The ship was battered and damaged, making it unnavigable.

With a sickening dread he dragged the corpses to the rail, and with all his strength heaved them overboard. One after another were heaved into the sea and as they disappeared below the surface he almost wished he were one of them, so that he could be spared this awful sight. At last he had disposed of all the dead men. Then his wearied body and morbid mental condition overcame his will power and he swooned.

How long he remained in that condition he did not know, but when he regained consciousness he saw a faint line on the horizon in the distance. It drew nearer and nearer and he saw that it was land. He prayed to the gods that he might find succor there. Nearer and nearer drifted the ship. Slowly the view became more distinct. The land was clearly visible, when

of a sudden, the current changed and the noble Grecian's spirits again drooped as he watched the land fading from view. Night drew on, and another day passed but still the ship drifted, drifted, drifted.

There were plenty of provisions for the youth, and he was in no danger of starvation, but the vitality and his hopes were gradually vanishing. His strength was decreasing and he could barely move about th deck.

But one day he saw a sail. It was far off on the horizon. Gradually it became larger, then the hull of the vessel could be seen. The stranger was coming in the direction of the battered vessel, and hope once more arose in the breast of Nicenus. Nearer and nearer came the vessel. It was within hailing distance.

He summoned all his strength, all his vitality and hailed.

An answering hail told that he had been heard. Then, exhausted, he sank upon the deck in a swoon.

When Nicenus regained consciousness he found himself on the strange ship. Tenderly and well he was cared for. He asked no questions. He was only grateful that he was saved. But one day he heard the remark, "We should soon be near Tarentum." Tarentum! He heard the name of that city with joy. In a few days he would be within a day's journey of his home.

This gave him new hope and strength. He eagerly watched the land become nearer and nearer and plainer and plainer. With beating heart and glowing eyes he viewed his native land as the ship entered the harbor. And with greater joy he put his foot on his native soil. His thought now was to get home. But still he must disguise himself. He resolved to do it.

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When Agedes Perdenes learned that Nicenus was to die, and the name of Perdenes revenged, he was at first glad. But he soon underwent a change of thought. He had not thought that Juvine cared so much for the youth, and her grief and the consciousness that he had done a dishonorable deed kept open the memory of his vile tactics. He wished he had not done it. The family honor was not vindicated in the eyes of the world, so Agedes repenting his stupidity heartily wished that Nicenus would escape his pursuers.

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To-day Agedes felt a little more conscience stricken than usual. It was Juvine's birthday and it pierced his heart to see her so sad.

As he passed up the street attended by his slaves he saw a man who limped with his left foot. Such an incident would not usually have caused him thought, but the size and carriage of the man reminded him that he had seen the like before. He was about to dismiss the thought when the eyes of the two men met and Agedes recognized Nicenus in spite of his disguise. Before the latter could move away he grasped him by the hand and gave evidence of his great joy.

Nicenus was very startled, but the sincere friendly manner of Agedes and his assurance that Nicenus' identity would not be made known reassured him. He went to the house of Agedes and there he met Juvine.

The joy at meeting could not be described adequately by words and it is left to the reader's imagination.

Nicenus hid in the house of his parents until preparations for departure were made. Then Agedes and his daughter Juvine together with Nicenus and his parents sailed for Greece, the home of their ancestors.

The feud was forgotten and Nicenus never heard of the Pythagorean society again.

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When the Roman soldiers plundered Corinth, one of the intelligent warriors came across an old parchment explaining a complicated mathematical proposition, in the library of Themisdes Perdenes. It was an old heirloom and was said to have been the property of Agedes Perdenes, a noted ancestor. The parchment was taken to Rome and the learned philosophers received another addition to their knowledge of man.

There is a proposition in geometry called the Pythagorean theorem. When we remember the story of Nicenus and his trials, the thought comes to mind, probably this is how the noted Pythagorean theorem came to be the property of the mind of man. VICTOR LENZEN, '09.

The Refining of Crude Oil

I recently visited an oil refining plant of extensive magnitude and became very interested in the processes through which oil passes before it is ready for the market. This particular plant, comprised a battery of stills, parallel tube, condensers, agitator or chemical treater and a steam separator.

The battery consists of ten cylindrical stills, and five condensers of the parallel tube type. The stills, which resemble large boilers supported on brick foundations, are filled with crude oil from the receiving tank, and they are heated by oil burners. The vapors which rise pass into domes and from them are carried through the condensers by means of the delivery tubes. These condensers consist of large iron boxes about six feet deep, some twenty feet in length, and ten feet wide. They are supported on rigid brick foundations. Through them are many layers of tubing which run back and forth. The whole is filled with running water which condenses the vapors back to a liquid form. To force the vapors through these many feet of pipe, a pressure of steam is required. The condensed vapors from the still pass into what are known as boxes provided with a glass door, so that the distillation may be watched and through openings samples are taken from time to time to test its specific gravity. Each box connects with a set of pipes which, in turn communicate with the tanks provided for different grades of oil. The grades of oil vary with the temperature of the stills. That is to say, at a low temperature light oils are given off, such as naphtha, gasoline, and above that light engine oils are realized. After this process has continued until all the by-products have been realized, the remaining oil in the stills is pumped out. This is known as "flash" and is the common oil used in furnaces and boilers.

The next process through which all light oils must pass is the chemical treatment. This is done to remove acids and other bodies which produce the odors and darkness. It is conducted in a vertical cylindrical tank having a conical bottom, and the whole supported on a steel frame, known as the agitator. The interior is lined with sheet lead to protect the metal from the strong acids. After the oil has been run in, to it is added a figured amount of sulphuric acid, then soda to completely neutralize the acids which originally exist in the oil but not interfering with the sulphuric. The solution is now agitated by forcing a strong current of air up from the bottom. After this has continued for half to three quarters of an hour, it is allowed to settle. Since the specific gravity of oil is less than one, and therefore less than acid, it being about 0.650, it naturally will rise to the surface of acids, the latter is thereby easily drawn off, leaving the cleansed oil in the tank.

Little is known as to how this treatment acts on the oil, but it tends to remove the hydrocarbons, such as tarry products, and acid which occur.

The oil is now removed and sent through one more operation. This process is much the same as the first with the exception that the oil is heated by steam at a temperature near 180 degrees, instead of being boiled down by dry heat. The vapors which pass off are condensed much after the same order as at first, and this is the required material, such as "water white" or gasoline. The remaining material in the still is partly used in the manufacture of asphaltum.

Under these conditions it shows that oil, as many other materials of eevryday use, undergoes many radical changes before it is set on the market before us. ROBERT HUNT, '09.

The Regulation of Athletics*

The scandals which have been exposed during the last year or two in the management of college and school athletics, and in the manner itself of playing the different games, especially the rougher games of football and basket ball, and the great publicity attending both intercollegiate and interscholastic matches, have drawn out a variety of opinions as to the causes and the remedy of present-day athletic conditions. Many of these opinions are to the effect that the prohibition of all intercollegiate and interscholastic competitive games is the only remedy; others are to the effect that the remedy will be found in a change of the rules which govern the games; others still that the true remedy lies in dispensing altogether with professional coaches. Although each of these plans might accomplish some good, it seems as if no lasting reform of athletics would take place until the underlying cause of all that is baneful—the wrong conception of what sport is, the wrong spirit with which it is entered upon—has been corrected. How to correct his wrong spirit is the problem; and this problem should be solved by the governing boards of educational institutions in co-operation with the more prominent and athletic students. Concerted action by a large enough group of colleges and schools should accomplish much. How much action should be taken, and what the nature of it should be, is not hard to determine.

It is generally admitted that in most college and school games the spirit of the players is to win at any cost, to be intent on their own triumph, and to show but little regard for the pluck, the skill, or the feelings of their opponents. The game must be won for the honor of the institution, which is resting on their efforts in the presence, often, of thousands of excited spectators. The occasion is supreme. There is no time for friendly interchanges before the game, no time for chivalry during its progress, and in the sorrow of defeat or the jubilation of victory no thought of offering or receiving the civilities of hospitality. The one idea of the players on both sides seems to be to meet, to fight, to separate. Apparently the idea never enters their heads that they should be playing a game, which presents an opportunity for pleasure and friendly association and for the cultivation of new social relations. The desire to win at any cost has fostered a spirit of unfriendliness which has often degenerated into actual hostility, and which makes each team suspicious of the other and ready itself to take any advantage, technical or not, which it can get. This spirit of hostility is the wrong spirit, which must be corrected and changed to one of frendliness. When this is done athletic contests between rival institutions will be really games; they will be "sport for sport's sake," and will thus incidentally prove their high educative value by affording a greater means than they have ever yet afforded for the cultivation of self-control, the courage and the chivalry that should be the attributes of all who call themselves men.

The cordial relations between Cambridge and Oxford Universities show how desirable and feasible it is to cultivate the spirit of goodwill in athletic contests. These universities have had annual encounters in cricket, football and rowing for many years, but no other institutions in the world furnish better examples of reciprocal friendship and esteem and of the true understanding of sport. At their annual cricket match at Lord's the best of feeling prevails among the players and the spectators. Former Cambridge and Oxford players mingle freely; the graduates of both universities find themselves together, and there is no lining

*The article on the "Regulation of Athletics," which appears in this number is taken from "Education" for January, 1908. It is printed at the suggestion of Mr. Merrill without alteration or addition. We do not believe in taking material from other magazines and have never done it before, to the best of our knowledge, but we make an exception in this case on account of the real worth of the article itself. It deals with a subject of vital importance to our high schools and which has been considered here at Lick, so we print it, believing that its value will justify the breach of custom entailed in its publication.

up of hostile partisans ready to yell their delight at every advantage gained. There is no cheering section. All applaud the good plays and are content to see the better team win. The occasion is eminently a friendly, social affair. As such it is greatly enjoyed by all, including the losers, even if they cannot avoid being somewhat downcast. But wild exultation is never manifested by the victors on these occasions. There are no snake dances, nor processions headed by bands of music.

The following example of sportsmanship on the part of all concerned would be hard if not impossible to match in America. A few years ago Cambridge got into such a bad way in rowing that her successive defeats at the hands of Oxford became monotonous. Then Mr. Fletcher, President of the Oxford Boating Club, who had stroked Oxford several times to victory, and had coached her for several years afterwards, went with the approval of his own university to Cambridge, and taught her how to row till she defeated Oxford. Whereupon he resumed his coaching at Oxford.

Another example of cordial relations between competing institutions is the annual football match between Marlborough and Wellington, two well-known English schools. Great excitement is always aroused by these contests, but the best of feeling is preserved. A dinner and a dance follow the game, and the visitors are treated with the greatest hospitality, and afterwards at the national rifle match (an important yearly event in England) Marlborough and Wellington boys associate particularly freely with one another on account of the friendship fostered by their annual football game. Eton and Harrow show similar good feeling in their annual cricket match, which is attended by crowds. But there is entire absence of that nervous tensity of interest which the partisans of American schools and colleges suffer from when their favorites play.

Now the governing boards of schools and colleges in America have it largely in their power, if they are wise, tactful and firm, to develop in our athletics this same spirit of good temper, good sense and friendliness. If the really high educative value of competitive athletics had been recognized some thirty years ago when their popularity was beginning, and if serious attention had then been given to the proper regulation of such sports, our schools and colleges would have been spared many just reproaches. There have, indeed, been some regulations about the number of games, the scholarship of the players, their absences and so forth, but it seems as if there had been little or no attention paid to the educational and ethical importance of the subject. There are numerous instances, to be sure, of games played with the best of feeling. Some of our school games, especially, and some of our college ones, are fine examples of true sport. But in spite of this the fact remains that the greater number of these contests are regarded so seriously that suspicion and unfriendliness toward their opponents characterize the players only too often. This is true, not only in the rougher sports, such as football, basket ball, etc., but even in track and field sports. In fact, most players on a school or college team attach too much importance to victory, and are too much depressed by defeat; and one reason for this is the false notion (although the enthusiasm with which it is held is often delightful) of the degree to which the "honor" of their alma mater is supposed to be involved. Such a state of mind on the part of the contestants imperils the friendliness of the game. It allows no opportunity for the exercise of generosity and chivalry, and instead of the fine old spirit of hospitality it often engenders only rudeness and gloating. The honor of alma mater is indeed involved, but it does not depend on mere victory. It depends on honorable play.

The lack of proper regulation by the authorities is evident also in the frequency of games and in the continual training and practice that are permitted. During the football and baseball seasons in some schools regular games have been allowed two or three times a week in addition to some kind of practice or training on every other day. In many colleges and schools the squads have no freedom at all, between practice and study, to enjoy the ordinary recreations of life. Many

of the best players have complained of the amount of time and strength that they have had to give up for the team in deference to public opinion in the institutions for which they are supposed to be winning renown. The faculties of schools and colleges have the duty as well as the power to compel moderation in athletics.

Another abuse chargeable to the neglect of controlling bodies is the permission to athletic teams to take frequent and unduly long trips. It is bad enough to give up a good part of every day to these sports, but to undertake railway journeys that require several changes and many hours—or even days as the college teams do—seems unnecessarily strenuous education, and not worth the time, the fatigue or the risk involved. Most teams can find worthy opponents nearer home.

Still another instance of lack of proper regulation is the surrender, to a large degree, of the general management of athletics to hired coaches or graduates, many of whom have not the discretion or the standards that are necessary for a proper supervision of boys in school or of young men in college. Games are as educative and important in many respects as any particular course of study. In some ways they are of even more concern, for they bring the participants into vital social relations. Hence the supervision of athletics is often more important than the teaching of a class. More lessons of self-mastery, honor, fair play, generosity and justice, are to be learned on the athletic field than in the restraint of the laboratory or the class room. Not enough attention has hitherto been paid to this aspect of the case notwithstanding all the talk of educators about "training for character and self-reliance." Therefore, school and college boards should make it one of their first cares to supervise strictly all the athletic activities of the young men and boys whom they have undertaken to guide and instruct. The lessons of hospitality, the virtues of chivalry, of self-control under provocation, of courtesy in games, of forgiveness of injuries received, of patience and of perseverance need to be taught, preached and exemplifid. It is pretty generally known in any school or college what players stand for the highest principles of sport, what players are lacking in good sense or self-control, and what ones are positively bad in their influence. And it is easy enough for the authorities, by precept and by insistence on high standards of conduct, to require the best from all players, and to prevent those who fail to maintain a high standard from representing their institution at all. Competent persons can be procured, as has sometimes been evident, to eexrcise especial supervision over athletics, and if schools in general will employ such persons they will find a quick response from the most responsible of the boys to the highest standards of sport.

The place to begin the reform of the athletic spirit is in the schools. It is true that to some degree schoolboys ape college students, and might therefore be expected to follow rather than lead a reform of this kind. But it is the faculties of schools that can start it. The college faculties have not the intimate association with the students that the schoolboards have, nor have they retained so large a measure of control over them. The school authorities still have everything in their own hands, and would be sure of co-operation from the leading boys. Then when the boys entered college they could do much to influence their classmates to strive for the highest standards which the college faculties might set, and at last the true spirit of sport would prevail, moderation instead of excess, amity instead of hostility, and the many benefits that can be derived from a sane participation in athletics would follow.

Concerted action by a few schools could accomplish much. There are ten preparatory schools within easy reach of Boston, which together send to Harvard College nearly one third of every freshman class. If these ten schools would agree on an improved plan for the uniform regulation of athletics, and would treat athletics as one of the most important educational helps, the effect would soon be apparent in the colleges. Such regulation should be simple, just and moderate. It should put a reasonable limit to the number of outside games. It should insist on more liberty for the players, allowing them a certain number of

days free from any kind of practice or athletic duty. It should prohibit long journeys, or at least strictly limit the number of them. It should require the punctilious observance of the laws of hospitality to all visiting teams, and seek to make the games socializing influences. It should above all forbid games between schools that have any degree of animosity toward each other. If the boys of any two schools cannot meet as friends on the athletic field, there is no excuse for the contest, and it should be prohibited. Furthermore, any player who shows a disposition to quibble over the rules, or to take a mere technical advantage instead of dealing generously with his opponents, should be told immediately that his way of playing must be changed at once if he is to represent the school. An honorable, generous and friendly spirit should be absolutely insisted on. If the faculties of the schools referred to should agree upon some such regulations as these, athletics would produce far better educational results than they have thus far yielded, and would at last become *games,* "sport for sport's sake." Thus athletics, one of the chief factors of a boy's school life, and one of his greatest delights, would also be one of the most valuable educative influences which affect him.

ANDREW H. WARD.

Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

The School at Night

I.

The sun is down, and darkness
  Follows the path of day,
And what in the light looked brightest,
  Is gowned in somb'rest gray.

II.

The school is alone and silent,
  Bereft of its toil and play
That made the scene so cheery
  When viewed in the light of day.

III.

Are these the selfsame buildings?
  Is this the very street
Where in the glare of the noonday
  Our comrades are wont to meet?

IV.

'Tis sad how the few short hours
  Since the sun has fallen low
Can change the familiar school-place
  To a mass we hardly know.

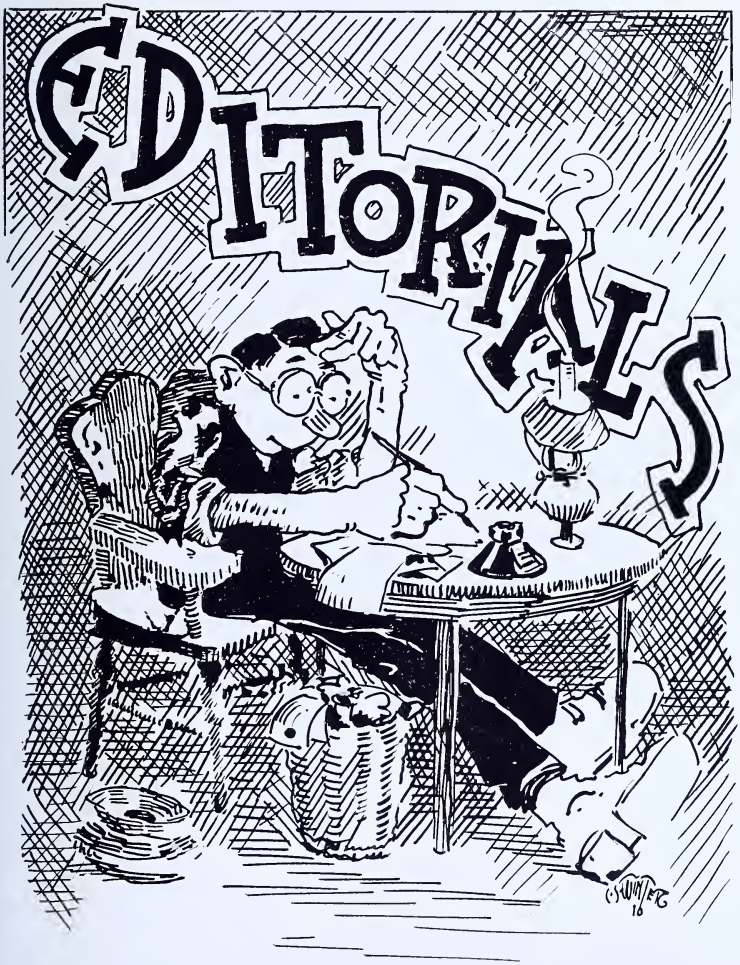
V.

And into our mind the thought then creeps
  Of the four long years we've spent
Within those halls to whose quiet now
  No sound of youth is lent.

VI.

To-morrow the school will again look light,
  But to-morrow what need we care,
The toil and the play will start again,
  But our class—'twill not be there.

H. WOLFF, '08.


EDITORIALS

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Thanks are due to several persons whose names do not follow the matter they contributed. Besides the regular contents of the department which is written by the staff, there is much that was done by persons of whom no mention is made. Among these are the clever verses on the members of the Senior Class. These are the work of Miss Genevieve Sullivan, '08, and Miss Louise Houston, '08. These necessitated an enormous amount of work and the writers deserve great credit for their work. The work of Charles Branstetter on the life of James Lick is also worthy of mention. The sources of his information were scattered and many of the persons to whom he went were reticent about what they knew, so it required much effort on his part to collect the data for his article. For the Alumni News which has appeared during the year, we are indebted to Ernest Thompson, '07, at Stanford, and Lester Uren, '07, at U. C. These collected and sent in the accounts of moves of graduates in the delightful form in which it appears. There is much else in this issue published anonymously and the Editor wishes to take this means of thanking those who contributed it.

ARCHIBALD B. TINNING, Ex-Editor. STUART G. WILDER, Editor.
GEORGE A. GALLAGHER, Manager.

The Wednesday afternoon schedule h. brought about a considerable change in the Lick Rally. Perhaps it was the setting of a definite date or the necessity of compulsion that the Student Body needed. The new rule has embodied both and it is a joy to the heart of each Student Body officer to stand before such complete rallies as we are having of late. It needed but one experiment to prove that extra rallies are almost impossible. There is one point still debatable: Will the frequency and regularity of the Student Body meetings breed monotony into an already flagging spirit? That point is entirely on the responsibility of the individual student. Lend your attention to the business of the meetings, as pleasure and success will ensue.

The talk that has gone for school spirit has not brought speedy results. All that the track team needs is more material, and there is surely more than has been brought out. The baseball team has not scored a success, but has played games which do credit to the school and keep the spirit up despite defeat.

There is one big thing for the students to do. When a slip is passed for each student to write his or her "activity," don't sign anything just for the sake of maintaining a half holiday on Wednesday, but consider some activity seriously, and when you sign your name let it be a pledge of your support to your chosen interest.

Student Control at Lick

The Student Control at Lick in managing their affairs and activities is something new in the line of self-government among students in high schools. They have shown marked ability and have proven themselves equal to the task.

The instrument of government is a constitution drawn up by the Student Body itself. Like other organizations, the chief executive is a President, elected by ballot every year. The nominations generally fall to Seniors. In the President is vested certain powers necessary for the control of such an organization. His chief duties are to preside at all meetings of the Student Body, appoint a Secretary and to sign all duly authorized warrants on the treasury.

Although the President holds a great deal of power, the real body governing student affairs is the Board of Control. This Board consists of twelve members, three (one of whom must be a girl) being elected from each class by themselves. Their term of office is one year, except Freshman delegates, who serve one-half year.

The President of the Student Body acts as chairman of the Board. Upon this Board falls the management of athletics in general, control of all Student Body funds, election of all athletic managers, the election to vacancies in the offices of the Student Body, appointment of committees, awarding of suitable honors for school activities, etc.

During its two years of existence the Board has shown marked efficiency. One of the benefits of this system is the election of team managers. It had hitherto been the custom for the manager to be elected by the team, but this did not give satisfaction.

Ralph H. Ensign, Yell-Leader. Freeman M. Smith, Ex-Secretary.
Miss Louise Houston, Secretary.
Mr. Max A. Plumb, Treasurer. G. Leigh Rodgers, President.

The Board manages the disbursement of the Student Fund. This fund consists of dues to the amount of twenty-five cents a quarter required from every one. These dues are collectd by the members of the Board from their various classes. A receipt is given by the collector and a stub retained, this doing away with any possible mistakes. These collections are held in trust by a treasurer appointed from among the faculty by the Principal.

All managers are required to submit to the Board at the end of their season a written report of all funds passing through their hands.

The grounds and property of the school are looked after by a committee of three appointed by the Board of Control. All property whatsoever belonging to the Student Body comes under their care. At the opening of each athletic season the apparel is taken from the committee's rooms and turned over to the managers of each team and printed statement of the goods filled out. At the conclusion of the season the apparel is returned and put in the lockers provided for the purpose.

During Interclass contests this committee takes charge of the grounds, seeing that they are in condition and providing for keeping them free of spectators during the contests.

Arrangements are made whereby athletes may have lockers in the dressing room. Showers are also provided. A new dressing room is in course of construction (thanks to the thoughtfulness of Mr. Merrill) which will be devoted to athletic purposes only.

During the increase of Student activities in the last few years it has been found necessary for the faculty to make some definite arrangements so that academic work and the activities will not conflict, the activities being considered a necessary part of school life. It has therefore been arranged so that Wednesday afternoon shall be given up to Student activities. This plan is now under test, it being the idea to experiment for the rest of the school year, and if it then has been proven satisfactory, the system will be adopted. Thus far the proposition has met with hearty approval from the students. It has made it possible for a student to participate in various activities and has thereby increased spirit.

Societies are allowed full privileges in controlling their affairs. Such societies as the Debating Society, Camera Club, Boat Club and others are open for membership to all. Their funds may be deposited in the school treasury if they so desire. In governing these societies also the students have shown marked ability and originality.

The rally is a most important factor in the school life at Lick. It is the place where addresses are delivered to the Student Body on athletics or any other activity. The rallies are held before athletic contests, debates, etc., and for the purpose of awakening interest in any activity. Speakers are called on from among the assembled students and are made to deliver themselves, willing or unwilling. Also any member of the Student Body may address the students, petition them, call for financial reports, etc. In this way freedom in address is developed to a great degree and the ability to address a meeting acquired.

To Mr. Merrill these privileges are in a great measure owed. It has been his great desire to give the students complete control of their affairs. It is his policy to place responsibility on them rather than a watch. It is the knowledge of this responsibility which has instilled into them the spirit and ability to govern themselves. The trust placed on them makes them more sensible to their duties and, it is the Lick theory, will eventually make better citizens capable of governing themselves and managing their own affairs.

THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

Lick Debating Society

Eight months ago the Lick Debating Society was but a myth. There had not been a meeting for over a year and we had not turned out a team for six months. The October convention of the Debating League of California was attended by four Lick men, who matched to see which should pay dues for a disinterested fifteen members whom they represented. Of these four, one was Ashleigh Simpson and upon him hangs a tale. In November, 1907, the most successful debating tryout ever held was run off before the Associated Student Body, through his efforts, and H. L. Dietterle, A. Felt, and Simpson were chosen to represent our school against Alameda.

In the meantime interest in debating had been growing, and at the first announced meeting of the rejuvenated society, over one hundred students were signed up. A constitution was adopted and provision made for four departments, those of dramatics, debating and oratory, literature, and an Inter-Class Debating League.

Elections were now held in the society and Ashleigh Simpson was chosen president unanimously; Fred Hornick was elected vice-president, Miss Bertha Knell secretary, and Willard Beatty treasurer.

As chairman of the departments provided for, President Simpson ap-

pointed Rolla Watt in debating, Miss Zadell Fox in dramatics, Atwood McKeehan in literature, and Willard Beatty in the Inter-Class League.

Debating was now taken up in earnest, and after try-outs in the English and History Classes and inter-section debates, each class put a team out; '11 was represented by Carlson, Hirshler, and Miss Brown; '10 by Ackerman, Beatty, and Miss Boyd; '09 by Strouss, Lenzen, and Lawton, and '08 by Eveleth, Gallagher, and Cortelyou. '10 won the Lower Class Series, and '09 the Upper Class Series, and the upper classmen defeated the lower classmen.

The four best speakers in this last debate met the Alameda team of the school before the Associated Students, and after a close debate, Miss Boyd, Strouss, and Beatty were chosen as our team to meet Lowell. This debate occurred on April 11th, during the mid-term vacation, and again our team lost. The victory of Lowell was undeniable, but it is the belief of those connected with the team and society that this debate taught us the way to remedy many faults. During the preparation for this debate Albert Oehlman spent the greater part of his time in the assistance of the team, and on him rests a great deal of the credit for the good showing made by Lick

In the meantime (as the Examiner would say), Miss Fox and Strouss of the dramatic committee developed the idea of giving some Shakespearean readings. This met with the immediate approval of the English department, which had been struggling through with Shakespeares in all four classes. So on March 25th, '09 and '11 rendered scenes from "Twelfth Night" and Julius Caesar" respectively. The actors wore the costumes of the time, and the playlets were, in all, well done. On April 3rd, '10 and '08 gave scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth," respectively, and acquitted themselves well. This success has led to the formation of further plans which will undoubtedly be carried out in the near future.

The literary and debating committees have been working steadily, but as yet little result of their labors is visible on the surface.

In March we received a challenge for a Chess Tournament from Lowell, so a chess branch was organized in the society, and Chairman Ash feels that we can turn out a team against Lowell, which will play in the true Lick style.

At the 20th Semi-Annual Convention of the Debating League of California on April 25th, Lick was able to represent almost one hundred and seventy-five society members, and took a commanding position in affairs. For the first time in the history of our school Lick has had a candidate for an office in the league. Ashleigh Simpson, our president, received a nomination for presidency of the league, from the Berkeley Ecclesia. The opposing candidate was Arthur Kennedy of Commercial Evening High, and after a hot contest from half-past five in the afternoon until half-past seven in the evening, a deadlock still existed and by a large majority it was decided to leave the position to the incumbent, Joseph Courreges. One of the marked events of the convention was the fight against electioneering and "trading," and upon top of this one of our opposing schools was accused of and acknowledged voting a pledged delegation.

Thus ended the first term of the new—the rejuvenated Lick Debating Society, and as the control passes out of the hands of the present officers, they feel that they have given their best for the school. Even though we have not been victorious in all our attempts we have tried our best, and we appeal to the students of this school to join the society. At the present time we have the largest society in the Debating League of California, and it is our wish that we should grow. Ask any delegate to the last convention how many delegates we want for the next—remember that we have one delegate to every eight members—and figure out how many society members we need.

The Senior Farce

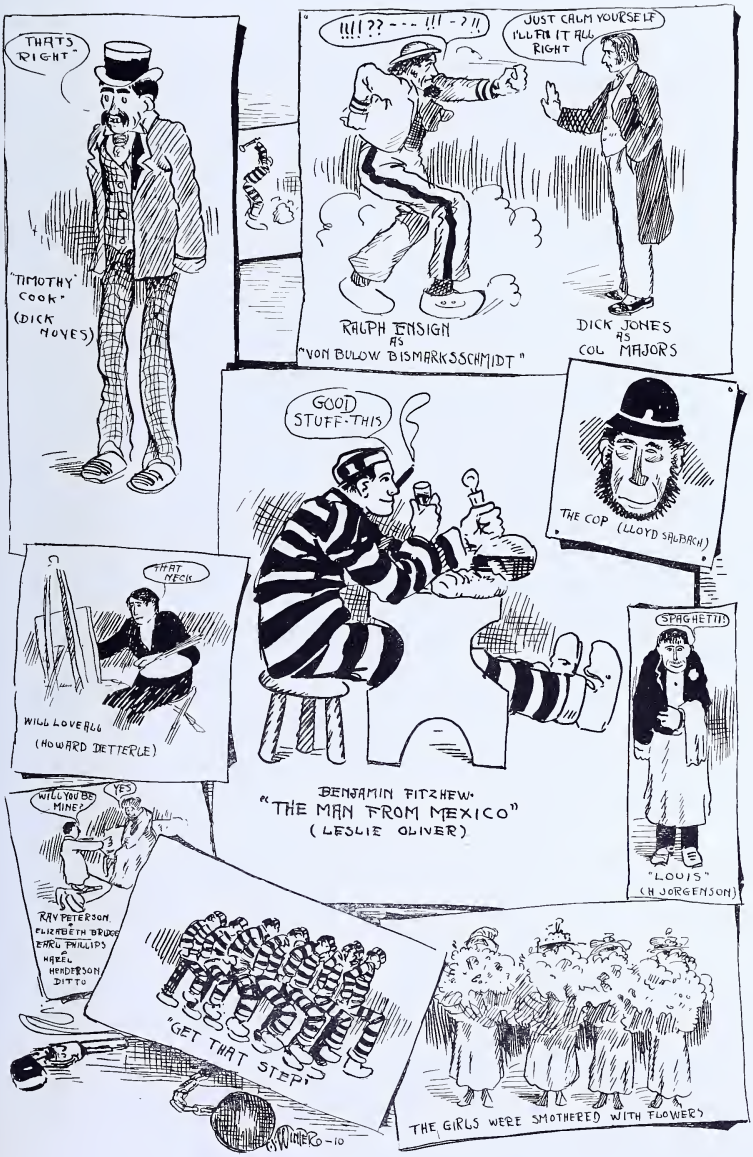
It is doubtful if a more cleverly produced "prep" school play has ever been seen in San Francisco, or anywhere, in fact, than "The Man From Mexico," as it was presented by the class of June, '08, of the Lick School. The performance was given at the Princess Theatre, Friday afternoon, May 1st, and despite the fact that it was May Day and there were many other inducements offered, the seats were nearly all taken.

The plot of the play (in which a certain Mr. Fitzhew, together with the Major and a few friends, take in a little "racket" at the Cleopatra, with the result that Fitzhew goes to jail for thirty days and leaves his wife with the understanding that he is going to Mexico) was very cleverly carried out by the "cast." Mr. Leslie Oliver played the leading role of Mr. Fitzhew with all the flourishes worthy of a professional and his home-coming, where the Major "fixes things," and he is forced to tell in tragic tones of his arrest to save his young wife from disgrace, was beyond all criticism. Clementina Fitzhew, as interpreted by Miss Ethel Atkinson, was perfection itself. It is rather a trying part in spots, but Miss Atkinson carried it through with a coolness and self-command worthy of a star. In fact, every one in the cast deserved special mention, and the whole performance stood out in contrast with the ordinary high-school attempt.

Cast of Characters.

Benjamin Fitzhew.....A. Leslie Oliver, '08
Colonel Roderick Majors.....Richard Jones, '09
Will Loveall, Warden at Blackwell's Island.....Howard Dietterle, '08
Von Bulow Bismark Schmidt.....Ralph Ensign, '08
Edward Farrar.....G. Earle Phillips, '11
Richard Daunton.....Ray H. Petersen, '08
Timothy Cook, a Tammany Detective.....Richrad Noyes '10
Louis, a Waiter from the Cleopatra.....Hjalmar Jorgenson '09
Coogan, Police Officer.....Lloyd Salbach, '09
Clementina Fitzhew.....Ethel Atkinson, '08
Sallie Gracie.....Elizabeth Bridge, 08
Nettie Majors.....Hazel Henderson, '08
Miranda, a Maid.....Marguerite Boyd, '10

Convicts—James Black, '08; Joseph Criglar, '08; Arthur Cortelyou, '08; Robert Clyde, '08; Burt Dill, '08; Charlie Lutz, '09; August Lang, '10.


THATS RIGHT"
"TIMOTHY COOK" (DICK NOYES)
!!!!?? --- !!! - ?!!
JUST CALM YOURSELF I'LL FIX IT ALL RIGHT
RALPH ENSIGN AS "VON BULOW BISMARKSSCHMIDT"
DICK JONES AS COL MAJORS
GOOD STUFF-THIS
THE COP (LLOYD SALBACH)
THAT NECK
WILL LOVEALL (HOWARD DETTERLE)
SPAGHETTI!
"LOUIS" (H JORGENSON)
BENJAMIN FITZHEW. "THE MAN FROM MEXICO" (LESLIE OLIVER)
WILL YOU BE MINE?
YES
RAY PETERSON. ELIZABETH BRIDGE EARL PHILLIPS HAZEL HENDERSON DITTO
"GET THAT STEP"
THE GIRLS WERE SMOTHERED WITH FLOWERS
WINTER-10

The Senior Seminar

The Senior Seminar, reorganized by the class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight, is about to be brought to a successful close.

The Seminar is composed of the members of the Senior class, its object being to further the interest in the practical application of science. This is done by having each member select some topic with which he is familiar and present a paper on the subject which shall be written in an interesting, logical and scientific manner. The speaker usually supplements his paper by the use of the school stereopticon, diagrams, pictures, etc., so as to make his discourse as comprehensible and clear as possible.

We sincerely hope that the class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine will continue to follow this interesting and instructive method of watching the development and practical application of their theoretical knowledge.

A list of the speakers and the titles of their papers is as follows.

Astronomy, by Miss Edwards; The Hetch Hetchy Water System, by Howard Dietterle; The Uses of Water under Compression, by Philip Zipf; Government Irrigation, by Paul Miller; The Manufacture of Steel, by Bruce Wetmore; A Talk and Demonstration on the White Steam Automobile, by Mahlon Sweet, '07, who is now demonstrator for the White Steam Automobile; The Construction of Motorcycles, by Archie Tinning; Wireless Telegraphy, by George Gallagher; Explosives, by Arthur Glaser; The Manufacture of Cement, by Charles Kuchel; The Beet Sugar Industry, by Mark Altman; Architecture, by Miss Edwards of the Wilmerding School; Electric Locomotives, by Fred Matschek; Lawrence Fabian spoke on the New Zealand Government; The Use and Construction of Gas Engines, by Fred Block; Automatic Telephones, by Frank Czarnecki; Modern Photography, by Adolph Morbio; George Barnett, on Panama Canal; Adolph Bilay, on Manufacture of Bricks.

Senior Boat Ride

This year the boat ride was scheduled for April 25th, so as not to interfere with our Easter vacation and also that fair weather might be assured.

It was with many misgivings that the committee made its final arrangements on Thursday afternoon, for showery clouds were much in evidence. However, Saturday was as clear and beautiful a day as anyone could desire, and every invitation must have been accepted, for it was a large and happy throng that crowded the Monticello as she pulled out from her wharf at 10:30 a. m.

The Lick-Wilmerding Band gathered on the roof, as it was about the only place they could find space to set up their instruments, and before long we were treated to some new music. This drew nearly all outside and everyone settled comfortably to enjoy the trip. The boat stopped for a few minutes at Sausalito to watch the California and Stanford Freshmen man their shells and to learn the result of the varsity race. Then we steamed up the straits into the upper bay and landed at El Campo about 12 m.

Everyone went ashore here and scattered, all following their own ideas

of comfort and pleasure. The strains of a merry waltz drew many to the platform and an enjoyable informal dance was soon in full swing. The committee and a few willing helpers soon slipped away and opened up the lunch on board the boat, which the Senior girls, with the assistance of a few others, had put up and boxed the night before.

At one o'clock the lunch whistle was blown and a long line was formed leading into the dining-room. It was almost like the pleasantest recollections of earthquake times. Many hands assisted you in filling your plate, and perchance that of your lady, and you soon were hustled out to make room for the others who crowded in. It was to be regretted that no better arrangement could be made, but circumstances were such that it was impossible to have lunch elsewhere.

After all had eaten what they could, many went back to dance, some went swimming and others wandered about until 3:30, when we raised the gangplank and steamed slowly up the bay, past "The Brothers" and "Marin" Islands, and on to Mare Island and Vallejo.

We were received here with salutes as we passed, which were returned by yells, etc. Everyone now settled down to enjoy the delightful close of the day. First the boat carried us up past Benicia and Port Costa, and then we turned and slowly made our way back along the Contra Costa shore to the lower bay and across to our wharf at 9:30 o'clock.

OUR PRESIDENT

As president of the Alumni, "Romeo" Barieau, '06, has kept the association booming. Numerous stunts, such as farces and dances, have lived and died successfully under his guidance.

Upon leaving Lick with the class of '06, Romeo spent a year at the University of California, and then took out a year's leave of absence in order to supplement his college work with some practical experience. The past ten months he has put in working for the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., and he claims the course taken by him under "Professor" Drew has been of great assistance in enabling him to draw his salary.

'07's TIGER MANAGER

Lester C. Uren is now at the University of California in the Mining College. He expects to get a job "mucking" in some mine if he can manage to keep out of the police court until he finishes college. This summer he is going to pack "an extensive wardrobe for an extensive sojourn in the extensive Santa Cruz Mountains, along with an extensive band of surveying pilgrims." One might suggest that Lester acquire more "extensive" vocabulary. His college address is 2318 Bancroft Way, Berkeley. His home address is Shawmut, Tuol. Co., Cal.

'07's YELL LEADER

"A week after graduating from Lick I accepted a position at timekeeper and material man on the Johann A. Schmidt Building, an eight-story steel frame structure which the Thompson-Starrett Co. is erecting on Kearny street opposite the Chronicle Building. I rather think I'll try and see a few more buildings from beginning to end before entering an architect's office. My address is 3867 Sacramento street, San Francisco." So sayeth Romeo Shawhan. His letter reads like the testimonial on a Peruna bottle. So Romeo is timekeeper and material man. Well! If he doesn't keep better time than he used to when he led the girls in singing it will make a material difference in the cost of the building.

KAEDING, '00

Mr. Chas. D. Kaeding, '00, who for some years has been engaged in mining in Corea, has recently gone into the contracting business in Goldfield with his brother George Kaeding.

Mr. Henry Kaeding and his wife, Mary Hubbard Kaeding, have recently built themselves a beautiful home in the suburbs of picturesque Southern California, where they and their four charming little daughters, surrounded by balmy atmosphere, enchanting scenery and hosts of congenial neighbors, are enjoying sweet peace and contented prosperity.

Herbert's Invention.

Charles Herbert, '06, is busy with an invention. This child of his brain is an improved reaping machine. Herbert found that the old-style machine was wasteful and required much attention, so he made a better one, which he is now testing. He has a complete shop in which he does the whole of the manufacture, machine, woodworking, forge and foundry. He finds that the mechanical training received at Lick is a great help to him. His address is Jolon, Monterey County.

JOHNS, '06

Many Lick graduates have distinguished and some have extinguished themselves in one way or another at college, but few, if any, have shown the remarkable versatility displayed by Herbert Johns, '06.

Since entering college Johns has been engaged in literary as well as in athletic activities, and next year as manager of the "Blue and Gold" he will fill one of the most responsible positions open to the undergraduates of his college.

"BONNIE," '07

Clinton Bonifield Allsopp has been spending his time since leaving Lick with various surveying expeditions. Bonnie is such an affectionate little "mother's apron string" lad that he never could stay on a job more than three weeks at a time. He expects to enter college soon. We wonder what Bonnie will do when he goes away to college and does not see mother for a whole semester at a time?

MICKY, '07

His letter is so rich that I must quote it, at least in part: "My address is 1729 McAllister street. I am pattern making in exchange for my daily bread and nightly bed. After learning the pattern-making trade I expect to enter college in the department of mechanical engineering.

"Lou has a new coat and a 'merry widow' hat.' Adele Winchell has a 'merry widow' hat. Eunice Henry is attending Gallagher-Marsh Business College. She has a new nephew. Marie Winchell has a fellar but he's gone away.

"I have a new nephew, he weighs one-quarter pounds more than Eunice's nephew. I have enlisted in the Engineering Department of the 'State Naval Militia.' I go to nite school at night. It is the Humboldt Evening Technical High School and I am learning mechanical drawing.

"Micky Mikkelsen, '07,
"Ex-Stage Carpenter for the '07 Lick Ministrels."

BILL AND ARNOLD

Bill Gay and Arnold Brown are at present working for the Union Construction Company at Camp 9, Vallecito, Calaveras County, California. On May the first Bill arose at 4 A. M. and stole silently forth with rod and worms to fish for speckled beauties. Of course he had to go off without breakfast and in about four hours he returned to camp, just too late for the morning meal. He had not seen nor heard any fish since he left and although tired and hungry he had to go to work without eating. Just before noon he slipped and fell and tore out about half the seat of his pants. As he says "In looking about me when I arose I could not tell whether I was on the outside or the inside of my trousers, but I soon found that it depended upon which side of the wind I was on." That noon there were lady visitors for dinner and William was forced to remain away from the table for want of a duplicate wardrobe. By night he was ravenous and when the evening meal was ended the cook, in looking about, said he could hardly tell which eatables he was out of and which he was in, but he soon discovered that it depended upon the location of the various articles to Bill.

'07 EDITOR

William Edgar Randall spent several months after leaving Lick in surveying near Redwood City. At present he is managing his father's business and will continue to do so until the settlement of his father's estate which will occur in November next. Edgar expects to enter college at some future date. His address is 1833 McAllister street.

From Stanford

Lick members here at present are few in number and widely scattered through different courses and localities.

Louie Halloran, ex-'05, will graduate this year from the course in mechanical engineering. Halloran has lived in Encina Hall during his college career.

Dave Walker, '05, is registered in mechanical engineering. He has been actively engaged in literary work since entering Stanford and has earned a place directly in line for one of the most influential positions open to Stanford students.

Ed Rodgers, '05, lives at 612 Waverly street, Palo Alto. He is registered in the mechanical engineering course and is actively interested in athletics.

Carl and Harriet Park reside at 61¹ Gilman street, Palo Alto. Harriet registers in drawing and Carl is taking the civil engineering course. Harriet devotes some of her surplus energy to sketching for the college papers, which often contain her mistresspieces.

E. C. Boobar, '06, is an economics major and a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity. He is also engaged in literary work.

Leon Vanatta is registered in the electrical engineering course. He and Dave Walker room together in Encina Hall.

Wilfred Sobey, '07, registered in geology and became a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, but owing to trouble with his eyes he had to leave college. The doctor advised Wilfred to try glasses, which he did, and after taking two glasses he could see twice as much as he could before—that is, he could see double. A rest, however, seemed to be deemed the proper remedy, and he will probably be back next fall.

As for myself, I wish I could spend about eleven hours at a rally recapitulating all that has happened since we parted. But I can't, and as I have already sadly exceeded my space limit, I will just add the "makings" of an official telegram.

I am registered in Law and have made enough hours to insure my return next semester, Clark being willing (we used to say the Devil being willing, but we don't any more).

Encina Hall is where I live, and at some future date I intend to write an article on "Life in Encina" and submit it to "The Tiger" for consideration. There is quite a little Lick colony in my corner of Encina, for right across the corridor from me are Dave Walker and Leon Vanatta. Sometimes Dave gets out his violin and Leon and I go for a walk. Sometimes Leon gets out his pipe and Dave and I go for a walk. Sometimes yours truly gets out a joke and I go into the next room. I might add that the "next room" is the bathroom.

In Encina you are one of a large family of jolly fellows, banded together for a serious purpose. Graceful consideration for fellow hall-mates and cooperation in assisting each other to master studies and student problems, imbrue the atmosphere of Encina Hall.

I wish to thank the members of the Lick Alumni who assisted in the gathering of the foregoing information. I invite all members of Lick to come to Stanford and visit me, but please don't make any mass plays.

Yours till Lick crumbles,

J. ERNEST THOMPSON, '07.

ALUMNI

At the next meetng of the Alumni Association Mr. Merrill will present a proposition to have the Alumni take charge of Founder's Day. This plan has been under consideration by Mr. Merrill for some time, and it will in all probability be readily accepted by the Alumni Association. An arrangement of this kind will not only relieve Mr. Merrill of much work but it will also help to keep the members of the Alumni more vitally interested in their Alma Mater.

"Olla Podrida," Berkeley.—We do not see why one good story is your limit. Surely, you can easily procure more. The idea of the sketch "A Lap Dog" is not original. Otherwise the paper is all right—why not insert a table of contents and make it better?

"Red and Blue," New York.—We have on hand at the present time your issue of March, and have found it to be one of our most enjoyable exchanges. We somewhat doubt the advisability of having for the first and longest article a story in German.

"Comus," Zanesville, Ohio.—The name aroused rueful memories, but the contents are, on the whole, very pleasing. The German section forms a most praiseworthy adjunct. But my! the printing on the first cut reveals a startling ignorance of block letters!

"Wilmerding Life," San Francisco.—You are far above our humble criticisms. The print, paper, and arrangement of your material is all of the best. The illustrations of stories enhance their interest greatly.

"The Cogswell," San Francisco.—We have nothing but praise for so successful a first issue. The determination to produce a school paper despite obstacles is producing results, which we sincerely hope will be followed by greater ones. A more interesting cover and more Joshes will help greatly. Good luck to you, Cogswell!

"Trident," Santa Cruz.—"Hugh Rogers, Brothers," is a very praiseworthy story, more to the point than the average. Indeed your whole book is praiseworthy for we find many things to commend if we had but the space.

"Whims," Seattle.—Your story "A Double Retribution" is a bit too harrassing for our temperament, but "A Hellenic Romance" is very good.

"Oregon Weekly."—We receive your paper regularly and must praise the high literary standard which you uphold.

"Cricket," Belmont.—The most striking feature of your paper is the athletic department which is well written but occupies a bit too much space in comparison to the literary section.

"Bell," San Jose.—Your cover is striking in its simplicity. It is only too true that many a good paper is spoiled by a poor cover design which gives the reader a bad impression before he opens the book.

"Tocsin," Santa Clara.—We find that you still persist in the mere mentioning of the majority of your exchanges. We must condemn this condition of affairs which is by no means limited to you alone, for by it the fundamental idea of exchanges is lost. There is good substance in the story entitled "The Latin Contest."

"Acorn," Alameda High.—You have a very neat cover on your January issue. We conclude it is the January issue from the opening sentence of your editorial which refers to a prosperous opening of the new year, but a small omission like that cannot spoil the rest of your book which is above the average, showing thought and effort.

"Occident," New York.—Your March issue is a credit to your institution. The story "The Gentle Art of Moral Persuasion" is very good. Your cover is also good, the hurdler appearing to be really going over a hurdle!

"High School Bulletin," Memphis.—We find a great improvement in your March issue, better paper, better cover, better stories, in fact everything is better.

"Crimson and White," Albany.—The Literary Department in your paper is very good. "Nothing Left" and "How to Study," being ambitious subjects well done. Your Joshes are also good.

"Red and Black," Salt Lake City.—You are our latest exchange and we have nothing but praise for you. The only suggestion we can make is to put an index on your second page as this usually is a beneficial addition to any paper.

"Magpie," New York.—We are glad to see some cartoons in your paper. We wish every school paper could have them for they seem to bring an outsider so much nearer to their student body. We would suggest, however, that you rearrange your Literary Department, keeping it in one entire section.

"The Sotoyoman."—For a small paper there is a lot to be praised in your March issue, especially your School Notes. Would it not be better, however, if you had smaller headings for Social Notes and Athletics?

"Madrone," Palo Alto.—As a whole your March issue is very good, but your literary department is not up to your old standard. The other sections are well edited, however, and make up the deficiency.

"Penn Charter Magazine."—We cannot help but think that a confirmed pessimist must have written the five-page enumeration of trouble, entitled "A True Page from the Book of Life." The issue is very creditable, however, your School Notes being exceptionally well written.

"Manzanita," Watsonville.—Your story "The Uninvited Guest" is good in plot, but its structure is too loose. It would have been more effective with a striking climax. The "Story of the Amesti Adobe" is very interesting and well written. You devote, however, too much space to the poem "The Tragedy of a Hat," considering the inconsequence of the subject.

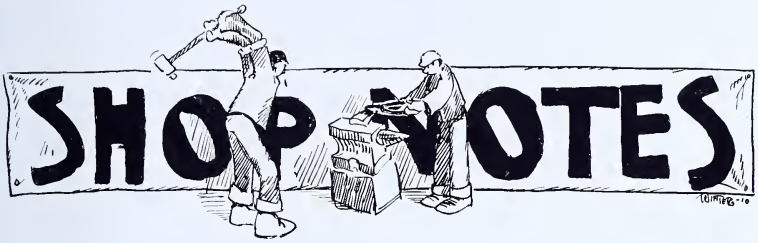
"The Skirmisher," St. Matthews.—Your cover is very neat but not striking, and that seemed to be the condition of your entire paper, nothing novel, original, startling. We praise a good exchange department and your fine stock of original jokes.

"The Calendar," Buffalo, N. Y.—You are a very neat-looking exchange. We should like to see you with more editorials, however, and by all means edit an exchange column.

"Dictum Est," Red Bluff.—It is a commendable idea to label your josh columns "Locals and Joshes" since then you cannot be criticized for being too local. A better quality of paper would greatly add to your appearance.

"Courier," Boise City.—We have at hand your February and March issues, but we cannot say that one is any better than the other. We are afraid that you have fallen into a rut. If the literary department was written as well as your Exchanges and Current Topics there would be a vast improvement in the whole paper.

"Oracle," Bakersfield.—We were surprised to notice in your last two issues that you do not supplement the name of the author after four out of five of your stories. Is it that your editor writes them all or is it modesty on the part of the authors themselves? Your book as a whole is a credit to you and may cause you just pride.



Mechanical Drawing

Once more we arrive at the terminal of work and look back, a few of us, over the field of wasted time and others through lanes filled to abundance with work and deeds accomplished.

The work in the drafting department has won out after many set backs and obstacles in good style. The removal of the drawing room, the resignation of Mr. Drew, three weeks of chaos, gave Mr. Heymann a task to be considered, one which, when completed, was one to be proud of. Under the able directorship of Mr. Heymann, his untiring conscientiousness and willing manner, his wide latitude of experience, the drawing classes have finished the year with records never before equaled, and only because of his added experience next year do we hope they would ever be equaled again. May his success accelerate year after year and reach no limit but perfection. We all extend him our sincere thanks for his help and hope he will be as successful and happy in his "new venture," married life, as possible.

The Freshmen are all well advanced in their work, some being completed up to sheets 4 and 5. The work has been commendable and the sheets are models for any freshman class international or local. Keep up the good work, freshies, only three laps left.

The success of the Freshmen has in no way hidden the shining stars, "our" Sophs. Why, they have gone ahead and worked so fast that the course will have to be stretched to get enough plates. Plate 14 has been done in fine style. Well, Sophs, your drawing troubles are all "eradicated." Here's luck to the "extirpation" of those to follow.

The "Graphicalstatics" corporation of Seniors have finished that interesting subject and dividends were paid even higher than the record of their descriptive geometry company, watered stock included.

The Juniors have been busy as usual "taking in all the sights" as the good weather permits the girls to practice outside very often now. Basketball, of course, is again very popular discussion among the Juniors' guessing stick artists. The Juniors' vague experience is of no avail. They will guess within 250 when 500 is close enough for all "purposes."

The Seniors have well-nigh faded into the busy world of commercial activities. Of four Seniors at the beginning of the year but one reported for duty at the last quarter.

The work of the Seniors has been excellent and commendable. The class of work could not be surpassed. The motto of "knowing what you are doing" has been followed to good purpose. The year being so broken up the quantity of work was slightly diminished, but was overbalanced by the quality turned out.

Machine Shop

Another school year has about passed in to history, and thus we must record a few incidents of the machine shop life along with it. We might begin with the "late and important discovery" of Mr. Curtis Ingram's, namely, putting sand on the ways of the planer to keep it from slipping. Bruns has turned out a nice job of planing up a large marine gas engine bed, for an outside concern. He did not use the above sand process, however. Colley completed the electric worm gear hoist for the Wilmerding school, and it will be used for hoisting the materials used in the construction of the new building. "Fat" Watts is working hard constructing an oil pump for C. S. M. A.; when finished it will replace the old pumps now in the boiler room.

"Third assistant" Bruns expects, with the aid of his helpers, to have the 4x6 steam hoist running before the end of the term. It might be well to suggest right here that in turning up a piece of wood to a certain diameter always leave it 1-16-in. large, on account of inexperience (Ingram's theory).

A one-horse power A. C. motor is being designed throughout, so that everything about it will be original. The construction will commence just as soon as the design is finished. There are castings for a large dynamo, similar to those which supply power for the school, waiting to be machined up, but it is doubtful if work will be commenced on them this term or not as there is so much other work on hand.

A pipe cut-off machine was gotten out in four days. This being quite a miracle as there were *only* about sixteen fellows working on it.

A four-jaw twelve-inch lathe chuck is about to go into commission as a result of the work of the skilled apprentices.

The "Macanists" order is still in existence and holds its meetings almost every noon, with 3rd assistant engineer Bruns presiding.

The usual amount of repair work has kept a good many busy most of the time.

The Seniors taking the course in heat have been down in the shops taking engine and motor tests, which have proved very interesting.

Chief Dixon has been kept busy helping them out in taking indicator cards off of the big engine. From these tests of the engines and motors the H. P. and efficiency can easily be figured out and the deficiencies in the engines. Thus, considering all, we have ended a very successful year.

Chemistry

The Seniors have nearly completed their course, having finished their work with edible fats and oils which include olive, cotton seed, and peanut oils, butters, fresh and condensed milk, etc. They are now working on the analysis of water.

The Juniors are getting along rapidly in their quantitative analysis and are now capable of making their determination check without resorting to the "art of fudging."

The general classes are nearing the end of their elementary study of chemistry and are now experimenting with the metals and are doing some blow-pipe work.

Several trips have been taken to various factories around the bay; the trips through the electrolysis department of the Mint and the Standard Oil

Company's plant at Pt. Richmond proved exceedingly interesting. Several other such trips will be taken before the end of the school year.

There are at least four fellows in this school who are sorry to leave.

All of the graduates this year have secured positions.

Wetmore will go to Pueblo, Colorado, to accept a position with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

Altman will most likely be a chemist in the Western Sugar Refining Company.

Glaser has a position with the American Mercantile Company.

Bilay will go into one of the chemistry laboratories around the bay.

Pattern Shop

The Freshmen have completed their work in the first principles of pattern-making and now have a fair idea of foundry practice for next year. Some of the freshies have turned out some very creditable work in that time, and are now engaged during their spare time in turning out craftsman furniture for themselves.

Mr. McLeran has covered a great deal of ground this year on the subject of pattern-making and foundry practice, by his interesting illustrated lectures for the benefit of the Freshmen. Aside from this he has lectured on the art of making craftsman furniture for the benefit of the more skilful Freshmen.

The apprentices have repaired many outside patterns among which are round and square manholes for the street, engine cylinders for a 15 horse-power gas engine of marine type. They are at present working on a 4 by 8-inch bed plate for a steam engine.

The work has been excellent in quality as well as quantity all through the year. Mr. McLeran's achievements are ones to be proud of, and we only hope next year's success may be as great.

Foundry

The foundry class of last quarter has its work well under way. At the last beat the cylinders for a 30 horse-power engine were cast and it was a very creditable job. A couple of new ladles proved a great benefit to the last pouring, and we hope to get the same service from them in the future. By the end of the school term the foundry will be able to boast of having made over twelve tons of casting during the school year. An exhibition of pouring will be held on the evening of June 20, which will give some idea of the work being done in this department.

Forge Shop

The class in forge work has been doing some difficult work lately, with fine results. They are now working in steel, having finished their iron work last quarter. A four throw crank shaft for a 40 horse-power engine has been completed. The apprentices experienced little difficulty in handling it in spite of its massive size. Mr. Mathis has given his classes some experiments with Thermit which were both interesting and instructive.

Sewing

Nothing but praise can be given the Freshmen girls for the creditable work turned out during this year. From the first practice stitches to the finished wash-dresses, we see industrious, painstaking work. During the first quarter only practice stitches, darning and mending were undertaken. Second and third quarter, white work of different forms, pattern-drafting and the use of the sewing machine both by motor and foot. The installation of the motor has proved a decided success. It is much quicker and less tiring, and helps the girls to understand better the use of electricity. The last quarter is devoted to the making of wash-dresses. Some beautiful and very original designs are the work of Misses Dilbert, Conant and Crow.

Enough can not be said of the Sophomore girls who gave up their time so willingly to make blouses and aprons for the shop boys during the first quarter of school. It was impossible to purchase them, as had been done previously. About a hundred and fifty in all were made. Then the girls started on their millinery, making the plain buckram frames and covering them with velvet. Trimming, making of bows, rosettes and fold during third quarter. Last quarter finds them turning out wire frames and covering them with straw. Misses Elliott, Gillette, Manheim and Fraser's hats turned out remarkably well. The last couple of weeks the girls will make the aprons and blouses for next year's Freshmen boys.

Junior girls worked all the year on infants' hand-made clothes, dainty little garments being beautifully made. Miss Sullivan's embroidery is exquisite; Miss Houston also works well in that line.

Last but not least, are the two Senior apprentices, Miss Pollhammer and Miss Barry. This whole year was given to tailoring and its various forms. There will be some of this work on exhibition at the end of the year.

Cooking

"Man can live without art and music and books,
But show me the man who can live without cooks."

The cooking class was indeed crippled for a time in the loss of Mrs. Thomas, but Miss Hyde has taken her place and tempting dishes are again being prepared. The satisfactory work of the cooking class was indeed evident when they were put to the test. They were given a table of different materials and told to cook whatever they could think of without a book with the ingredients given. Everything turned out well, and Miss Hyde could not find one failure. There are to be two large luncheons before the end of the term, one to the baseball boys and the other to the Senior girls. The latter will be a chafing party in its original form. Bread-making is an important feature of cooking, and most of this last quarter was devoted to it.

ATHLETICS

The Middletons

To the Middleton brothers, William and George, is due the deepest gratitude not only of their teams but of the whole school, not for the production of championship players but of sportsmen. The work they have done for the benefit of sport should make them respected among all who are interested in amateur athletics.

Baseball Team

Edwin Graff, captain, has all the qualities of a captain. He is a hard and earnest worker and his energy has done much for the team. He is a good pitcher, though somewhat erratic, and has lots of steam. He has played for two years.

Warren Gallagher, catcher, is another of last year's men. He is a fine all-round player and though taken from the infield at the beginning of the season, he made good behind the bat. His accurate throwing prevented many stolen bases.

Oliver Stohl is one of the new men. He is without doubt one of the best first-basemen who ever played for Lick.

Kirby has played the season through at second and without an error. He is handy with the stick and can be relied upon on bases. In spite of his small size he is, next to the captain, our best man.

Walter Crowe is a sure man at third. He has a happy faculty for knocking three-baggers now and then.

Frank Ruebke showed class at short-stop when he got down to business. He rated as one of the best batters on the team. He has been on the team two years.

Al Huber made a reputation for himself in the outfield where he has played two seasons. He is also a reliable batter.

Ernie Smith was always in the game, being a good fielder and clever pinch hitter.

Harold Percival, manager, played a steady game in the out-field and was strong on base-running. As manager of the team he was all that could be looked for and his earnest work did much for the team. He is also a veteran.

Grove Herrmann played a good all-round game.

Storey, with another season's work should develop into a fine catcher.

Ingram, while he did not have much chance to show his worth, should make good next season.

The same may be said of Dickey in whom we had a good change pitcher. He should be right there next year.

Pyle is a natural ball player but needs more experience.

Track Team

Captain Gregory Padilla has not run up to his standard this season, but those who have watched the team training have noticed his slow but steady improvement.

Manager Arthur Cortelyou is the only man that has come up to the standard. This is the first, last and only year that he is a member of the Lick Track Team, and he has certainly shown his ability.

Ex-Captain Ralph Hupp is slowly coming back to his old form. He has not shown up to advantage this season, but when next season begins he is expected to have all his old strength and speed.

Baxter was a great loss to the team this season. Up to the time that he strained a tendon in his leg, he was running better than any man upon the team. His bad showing in the A. A. L. was due to his nervousness, which always comes before a man's first race.

Grace Holt showed that he was still alive when he won the broad jump in the S. F. A. L., making 21 feet ½ inch. Up till then he has been no exception to the general run of men, being unable to show his best.

Sid Holman had an idea he could run cross country, which Coach Middleton thought was a relay lap. That is the way we got a good relay man.

If there is any one man that deserves his Block L more than Charles Branstetter, he will have to be found. For four years he has trained faithfully, only to lose his last chance to make an L, when we were beaten in the S. F. A. L. by Cogswell after he had won the hammer throw.

This season John Little has fallen short of his last season's performance, but he seems to be coming back again.

Another new man who has shown up well this season is Enoch Crozier, and things look kind of bright for him in the future.

"Oh, Tooker! Turn your toes in" is not heard now. Albert Tooker showed he could run a relay lap as well as any one in the S. F. A. L.

Roy Meeker is the coming two-miler. Each time he runs his time is a little better than before.

Arthur Wynne can hurdle, but he has to grow a little bit before he can hold his own with the other men he has to compete against.

Russell Noyes needs training to do himself justice, and by next year he should be one of the best.

Robert Furlong has steadily improved, but he still needs a lot of training.

John Beuttler has the makings of a middle distance man which is only waiting to be developed.

Football Team

Jim Black, End.—A reliable man at end. He was good on forward passes and was especially strong on defense. He was injured early in the season but played to the end of his second year on the team.

Monell Randall, End.—Is another man developed under the Middletons. He had no previous experience, but by their coaching he became a clever player. He has two more years before him in which time he should become a star.

Leon Michel, Guard.—He played a good game at guard. This is his first year on the team, and next year he should hold down tackle against any one.

Earl Phillips, Center.—The Freshman from Los Angeles is another new man developed this season. He played an excellent game at center, holding his own against almost every one. He should make a good tackle on next season's team.

Robert Clyde, Guard.—Scotchy was especially strong on defense, but could be relied on to open a hole through almost any of the teams played against. He played in all the games, consistently, during the season.

Jimmy Holt, Half-back.—He showed himself to be a comer in the few games he was in. He has not had the experience of the other backs, but is strong, aggressive and a whirlwind for speed, and should be one of the strong points of next year's team.

Freeman Smith, Sub-center.—This man is fitted for either center guard or tackle, and therefore was an especially valuable substitute. He played well in the practice and last Berkeley games.

Manager Bell.—The team owes much of its success to the management of Charlie Bell. A mighty football player himself, when over age he still continued to aid the team by his untiring efforts and zeal.

Captain Mitchell.—Graham Mitchell has shown himself to be all that a captain should be. He is a model for all football men, strong, quick, aggressive, a hard worker and fighter, and above all an exponent of clean play, and game to the last. He is one of the two best tackles in the league.

Charley Boxton, Tackle.—Is the other. He has held down guard and tackle for three years, and couples with experience great strength and weight. The four-year limit prevents him from lending his services next year.

Captain-elect Holman, Half-back.—For season on the team he has done very well and proven himself fully capable of heading the team next season.

Edwin Graff, Full-back.—Graff met with serious injuries at the beginning of the season which prevented his showing up to his best advantage. In the Lowell and Berkeley games he proved his ability as a line-smasher and a magnet for forward passes.

Leigh Rodgers, Half-back.—Kink was always there when yards were needed, as he was a most consistent player and never lost his head. The team will miss him as his punting and place-kicking were of the best and he executed one forward pass.

Gerald Kennedy, Quarter.—Irish was one of last season's finds. In his first and last season on the field he proved himself a good general. He passed well and was especially clever in the back field.

Carleton Andrus, Sub-center.—Is another all-round man. He played in

the league games in the early part of the season and should make good at tackle next year.

Keith Murray, Sub-quarter.—Has the qualifications for a field general. His ability in this line is quite remarkable. He was unable to play in the league games this year on account of the Blue Blank system, but should strengthen his team next year.

Stuart Wilder, Sub-guard.—Was a good man on the team. He played in all the practice and outside games, and greatly improved as the season went on.

Fred Hummel, Sub-end.—Played well and, continuing under the coaching he had last season, should be valuable next year.

Carl Lieb, Sub-end.—Although not playing in any of the league games he did good work in practice, keeping his opponent on the lookout.

Swimming Team

Howard Dietterle, '08, Captain.—Established his reputation in the A. A. L. meet in '06. He was the dark horse in the 440 yards race, and won second place. He was the mainstay in the relay of the same meet. He has been a point-winner in every meet. In A. A. L. meet this year he surprised every one by beating Elliot of Oakland in the 100-yard dash, and then swimming the last lap and winning the relay.

Chas. Kuchel, '08 Manager.—He is one of our most reliable men. More than once his "windmill action" has saved us the relay. He is a hard worker and trains consistently. As manager he is very good and the finances of the team are well handled by him.

Burt Dill, '08.—In spite of his diminutive size is a valuable member of the squad. Trying for the team for the first time in 1907, he proved to be the best 220 man. His work on the relay team in '07 and '08 is very creditable.

Warren McNeil, '10.—The best long-distance swimmer at Lick, has good stroke, but lacks the strength for record-breaking. He made second place in 880-yard swim in the A. A. L. of 1907.

Hjalmar Jorgensen, '09.—In two A. A. L. meets has shown his speed. By staying with the game for three years he has at last gained the honor of being on a record-breaking team and has won his block "L."

Harold Worth, '09.—Has won fame in being the best man to start a relay race. His work on the relay team in '07 and '08 is worthy of note.

Ralph Morser, '09.—Can always be counted on for swimming a fine lap in the relay. He is a veteran, and won his "L" this year.

The boys now went into training for the A. A. L. and for two weeks worked daily over their courses. Our team was not conceded a chance in the A. A. L., but by hard fight managed to make a good showing.

The meet was held in the Olympic Club tank on Friday evening, April 17th. Five schools were represented, Lowell, Lick, Healdsburg, Wilmerding, and Oakland.

The 200-yard relay was the event of the evening. It was a fight between Lick and Oakland from start to finish. "Shadow" Worth, who started things for Lick, was left for about two yards at the start, but tearing into the game he nosed up to the others at the finish; Morser, going the back lap, kept his position; the third lap, up the tank, was swum by Kuchel who tore us off a yard to the good; Jorgensen on the back lap gave Dill a good place; Dill ripped it off two yards to the good, and Captain Dietterle took the last lap in which our lead was stretched farther. This team clipped the record 5 seconds, but the time was not allowed as the judges claimed Dietterle broke. They awarded Oakland first place and put Lick back in second. Lowell was third. The placing of Lick second was accounted for by the tremendous lead they had over the others.

As things stood this way Lowell and Oakland tied for first place with 17 points each, Lick was next with 6 points, Healdsburg 3, and Wilmerding 1.

An investigation having shown that Oakland had brazenly entered ineligible men under eligible names, they were disqualified in the relay and 220-yard swims.

By consent of all parties the relay race was swum over again, resulting in Lick winning, Lowell second and Wilmerding third. Our team lowered the record from 2:13 to 2:11 4-5.

This made the final score stand: Lowell 19, Oakland 11, Lick 9, Healdsburg 3, and Wilmerding 2.

The Basketball Team

Captain Barton Eveleth, "Bones," is our best player. He plays a clean, fast game and is remarkable for his grit, sportsmanship, and coolness. He is very reliable and has never been known to lose his head.

Worth made a record of twelve baskets out of sixteen tries in the Cogswell game. He will make a good captain next year and should be well supported.

"Cotton Top" Felt learned nearly all he knows about the game here at Lick. He came out for the team last year and the work he did then gave him his start for the team this year.

"Sue" Salbach, at center, played a game which showed remarkable improvement over his last year's form in the interclass games. He was prevented from playing in the Cogswell game by an injured shoulder; had it not been that his shoulder still bothered him in the Lowell game, it is safe to say Lowell would not have gained the lead she did in the first half.

"Skib" Eaton played a strong game at guard, seeming always to be at the right place at the right time. With a little more accuracy in passing Eaton would have been a crack. It is to be regretted that he has left school.

"Gracie" Holt was always there when the high ones went sailing down the court. Considering the amount of practice he had he played a remarkable game. No man in the League could beat him to a ball with an even start.

Tommy Kent is the most faithful worker we ever knew. He never kicks, but works on against any odds, always trying to improve himself in practice and out-play his opponent in a game. In a practice game with Wilmerding he played half the game with a couple of broken ribs, but never a word did he say about being hurt.

"Beef" Gardiner is a fellow who has more in him in a game than he shows in practice. He has times, though, when he plays better than at others. In the Wilmerding game we do not hesitate to say he played as well as, if not better than, any other player on the team. He watched his man pretty well and threw goals besides, though he played at guard.

Girls' Basketball Team

Miss Sundberg is an exceptionally good player, although she is small she is always in the right place at the most critical moment. Much is expected of her in her Junior and Senior years.

Miss Arendt is an excellent goal and with more experience should be a star player next year.

Miss Roos is the best player at the position of goal. The loss of Miss Roos next year is deeply felt by the team and this opportunity is taken to thank her for the work she has done.

Miss Daly is a good steady player and does not lose her head when playing a hard game.

Miss Boyd is another splendid center and can always be depended upon.

Miss Lindstrom is the touch-center, and although having little experience is very capable of holding her position.

Miss Crowe is the best guard at present on the team. Her clever guarding is always a prominent feature of the game. Much is expected of her.

Miss Manheim and Miss Felderman are splendid guards.

The four substitutes on the team are all excellent players, but have not as yet had an opportunity to show their ability. They are Misses Kay, Herbert, Costello, and H. Felderman.

Easton has worked hard and it is due to his energy that the team is what it is. In the singles he represents the school in fine style, while in doubles the team work between him and Brunn is exceedingly good and has pulled them out of many tight places. He is a worker and always keeps his opponents on the jump.

Brunn, the other man on the team, is a great support to Easton in the doubles, always being in the game and ready to kill any chance that comes his way. In the singles he is not so strong, but with a little more experience should improve greatly.

Miss Roos, the best girl player, is a steady, consistent player, who can always be relied on to play a steady, careful game. Her back-court work is especially good.

Miss Brown, her team-mate, lacks only experience to become one of our best players.

Too much cannot be said in behalf of Alvin Stern. Although not playing on the team he has worked hard keeping the boys supplied with balls and arranging practice games. His loss next term will be keenly felt for it will be hard to fill his place.

The A. A. L. Field Day

The events in the A. A. L. had a large list of starters and in many events the finishes were close. The excitement which usually prevails when a race is undecided until the finish was lacking, owing to the absence of rival rooting sections. Although the meet on a whole was good, the withdrawal of Berkeley and Oakland High Schools greatly reduced the excitement of the day and made it almost a failure.

Santa Rosa High School won the meet by making 24 points, while Healdsburg was second with 20 points. Lowell's capture of the relay added 10 points to her score of 7, giving her third with 17 points.

The relay was the most interesting race of the day. Read of Lowell drew the inside with Holt in the 4th lane. All the men started even, but Read, having the advantage, finished first with Holt a close second. At the end of the second lap Lowell was still ahead but the distance between Lick and Lowell was gradually diminishing. Now came Holman with Lowell's man a short way ahead. With a burst of speed Lowell was passed and when Lowell's and Lick's strongest men came to battle Lowell was 15 yards behind. Baxter, the Lick man, ran strong, holding his own by fighting all the way. A hundred yards more Lowell had gained a trifle. Then all of a sudden Baxter, the strongest man of the team, proved the weakest on account of nervousness over his maiden race. Lowell carried off the honors.

The S. F. A. L. Field Day

The S. F. A. L. started off with the heats of the 50-yard dash in which no Lick man qualified for the finals. After the 50-yard dash came the 880-yard run in which Padilla and Cortelyou accepted the easy pace which was set, only to pass the man on the finish, tying for first place. Next was the two-mile run in which McPherson (Mission) set the pace practically all the way. Toward the end Meeker closed up and when he came around the turn started to sprint, making a fatal mistake which undoubtedly lost him the race. The heats of the 100-yard dash ended the same way as those of the 50-yard dash, no Lick man qualifying for the finals. Again another race showed a weak spot in the Lick team, Wynne making fourth place in the high hurdles.

Now came the 220-yard dash. In this Lick took two places, third and fourth, Holman and Crozier tying. The 220-yard low hurdles was somewhat of a surprise for Lick people. Hupp, who has not been running well since last fall, when he was sick, being able to make second, with Padilla third. The mile run started with Fuller (Mission) setting the pace; at the end of the second lap Little came up to second position, and toward the end of the third passed Fuller, winning easily. Although Holt won the broad jump and Branstetter the hammer throw, the field events proved another weak place in Lick.

The relay as usual was the decisive event. Padilla started out the first lap. About the middle of the lap the Lowell man passed Padilla; then toward the end Padilla with a burst of speed started Holman fully ten yards ahead of his man. Tooker, the next man, waited anxiously for Holman who was slowly but surely opening up the distance. Tooker had passed the 150-yard mark, but the opening was growing smaller; now Lowell was even. Still even and only 100 yards more, but Lowell's man had used his strength in the first part of the race. Noyes, the next man, was off again 10 yards, but this did not last long, the Lowell man soon catching up. Crozier and Meyer started even. Crozier ran his best, but although he was by no means slow, he was no match for Lowell's crack quarter-miler. Last of all ran Holt who, though he gained a little, could not make up the distance.

The score stood at the end: Cogswell 52, Lick 45, Lowell 36½, Wilmerding 35½, and Mission 8.

The Bay Counties Field Day

The Bay Counties Track Meet was Berkeley's from the start until the finish. For the first time this season two rival rooting sections were out in force. These two rivals, Oakland and Berkeley, put all the color into the meet. Although only one record was broken the competition was close in every race, making it interesting especially when an Oakland and Berkeley intrant were fighting for a place.

The final score stood Berkeley 51, Oakland 36, Cogswell 20, Lowell 12, Lick 8, Wilmerding 8, Mission 6, and Fruitvale 2.

The men who made the points for Lick are: Captain Padilla and Manager Cortelyou tied for second in the 880-yard run; Branstetter, third in the hammer throw; Hupp third in the 220-yard low hurdles; Little third in the mile; Holt third in the broad jump.

The Stanford Inter-Scholastic Field Day

The best meet of the season, the Stanford Interscholastic Track Meet, was won by Harvard Military Academy of Los Angeles. The men sent up by Harvard showed condition in every race in which one of their men took part. No athlete from any other school showed such perfect training as these men. The star for Harvard was Thorpe, who won all his heats in both the 100 and 220-yard dashes and also the finals and then ran one of the strongest laps in the relay.

The relay was the most exciting race of the day, Berkeley High and Harvard fighting until the last for supremacy. Although Berkeley had a fine team they were beaten by a slightly better one, that of Harvard, who lowered the record of 3:26 held by Lick to 3:22.

Every record was broken except that of the mile run and the high jump, under conditions none too favorable.

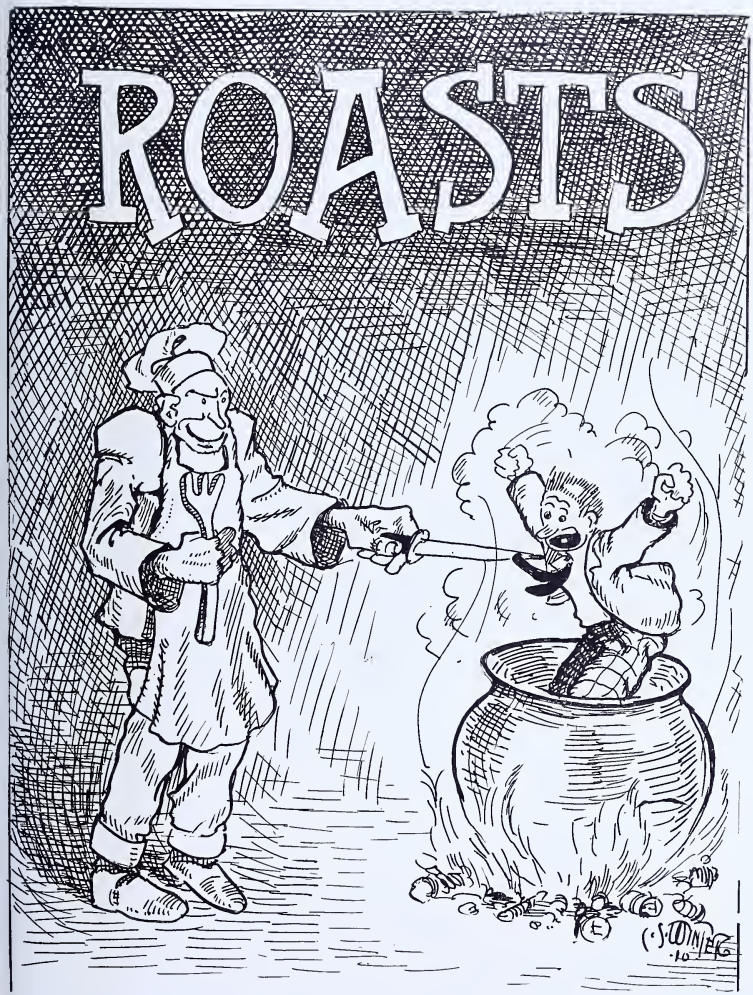
Baseball

Captain Graff started to work in the Christmas vacation and by the time the school opened for the new year he had fixed up a fair diamond and was ready for business.

With a nucleus of five of last year's team, Coach Feeney started to build up a nine. It was hard work, but he has succeeded in getting together a team that is as good as any team we had had in the past, even the champions of '05. This team found itself matched against the sub-League champions of last year for the first game of the season. Wilmerding had practically the same nine which went through last season, and the chances of winning seemed small for Lick. But the day of the game was April fools' day, and Wilmerding was too confident, so Lick came home with the score, and that was all there was to it. The support was poor, but the team was there to win, support or no support; so they just gathered in the runs to the tune of—Lick 7, Wilmerding 4.

The Polytechnic game almost proved to be the undoing of the wearers of the black and gold after their victory over the champions the week before. Everything looked like Polly's up to the seventh inning at 3 to 0, but at this point Lick took a brace and pulled out at 4 to 3. The game with Commercial was only a farce, with the score of—Lick 14, Commercial 0. In the Lowell game there came a slump and Lowell won by a score of 7 to 6. This still left Lick in the race for the League with a chance of beating Cogswell, who had not been beaten as yet. In the Cogswell game there came another slump on the part of the team and Cogswell won out at 3 to 0, thus gaining the sub-League championship, with Lick second.

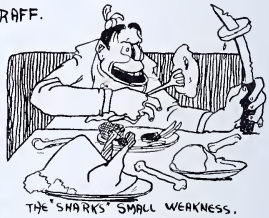
On the whole, Coach Feeney is to be complimented on turning out as good a baseball team as can be found in any school around the bay. The main fault to be found with this team, as has been the trouble with many other Lick teams, is the bad fault of over-confidence, which has lost many a game for Lick and for many other schools. Perhaps we shall wake up to the fact some day and correct our mistake. Let us hope it will be soon.


ROASTS

THE TIGER.

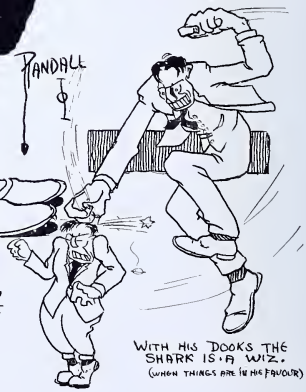
"SHARK" GRAFF.

SOME VICTIMS OF "THE MAN FROM MEXICO"



THE "SHARKS" SMALL WEAKNESS.

NOTE: (THE BUM ARTIST WHO EXECUTED THE ABOVE DRAWING BEGS NOT TO BE SHOT FOR THE DEED AS IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBILITY TO DRAW THE ABOVE'S MUSH — NOT BEING A STUDENT OF ZOOLOGY —



WITH HIS DOOKS THE SHARK IS A WIZ.
(WHEN THINGS ARE IN HIS FAVOUR)

Personal Interviews With Celebrities in Our Side Show

IV. *Mr. Edwin Charles Graff, Esq., Baseball Captain.*

We had been following Graff around for a week, in hopes of getting him cornered and extracting an interview from his unwilling lips, but all in vain. The baseball team needed his services more than we did, and for a while we were up against it. But we started our massive brains and eagle eyes to working, and noticed that Graff had an unlimited capacity for loaves of bread with a slit down the middle, and the said slit being generously filled with cheese, ham, etc. These dainty morsels, which he calls "sandwiches," disappear with such ease that certain incorrigibles around school have nicknamed him the "Shark."

We bought the biggest loaf of bread in the Potrero, filled it full of cheese and stuck it out of the door of the "Tiger" office. "Shark" saw it and made a mad rush for the door. We opened the door and he charged through and landed in the far corner with his precious "sandwich" clutched close to his manly bosom.

In two minutes the "sandwich" had ceased to be and he was growling to get out.

But the door was locked and he had to talk. "Now look here," he argued, "you guys know I don't like to talk about myself. If there is one thing I dislike it is a man who boasts about himself."

"Well," we threatened, "if you don't talk we will print some of the things that we hear about you."

This brought him to time and he gave the signal to fire away.

"Tell us about the baseball team and how you have developed it."

"I'll tell you if you won't give it away," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye. After crossing our hearts he said, "We feed them Force in the morning, ginger at noon, and pepper and vinegar at night. Between meals and before bed time they spend their time in good hard work, which does them more good than all the diets in the country."

"Who do you consider the best all-around man on the team?" we asked.

He looked at us, then at his feet, and began to blush furiously. Then we tumbled.

"Oh, we were only joshing, of course the team could not get along without your pitching. In other words, you are the leading man, or in one word you are IT."

"Not quite as plain as that, I'm just a link in the chain that holds the team to the statute of Victory, and if I'm not there they cut loose, that's all."

"What do you get for all this?" we asked.

"That's something I don't like to tell, the fellows made me promise I wouldn't. But I suppose I'll have to, or stay here all night. Everybody knows how much I am doing for the team, so Kirby suggested that the team had better do something for me. They had a meeting to discuss the subject and decided that the thing that would please me most and have the least reflection on them at the present time was to name their children after me! Isn't that great? Think of all the little Edwin Charles Graff Strohls and Kirbys, and Gallaghers and all the rest of them."

"That certainly will perpetuate your name," we replied.

"Yes, and it is my only hope that they will do something that will be an honor to the title and live up to my record!"

"Yes, that ought to be ea——, er quite an honor."

"And in addition to that distinction they are going to give a banquet in my honor and give me three plates. And to finish upon,—can you guess—a box of cigars. I certainly do enjoy a good cigar."

"Do you know anything on any of the team that we could put in?"

"No—o," he answered, thoughtfully, "only this, 'Rip' Ruebke and Percival are awful queeners; ask them about those nice Vallejo girls. They are all good fellows, and I can kick most of them around to suit myself, because they are too small to fight back, except with a bat, then I can beat them running."

"Can't you give us a few joshes to put in, about yourself, that will save us from going to see some one else about it?"

He sat silent for a while, then reached into his pocket and slowly drew out his photograph.

"No, not that!" we cried together, "It will be in anyway."

"Well, I don't know anything else," he murmured, sadly.

We were echoing his sadness, because further questions refused to come to us. Suddenly Edwin Charles' eyes stared, he raised his elf-like form to his dainty feet, and brandishing a fist the size of a ham over our heads, he roared, "Here's something. Explain how we lost that last game. It wasn't my fault. I pitched a good game, but that copper-headed, puddin'-faced, lantern-jawed, glass-armed, butter-fingered, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, lead-footed, slab-sided, prehistoric son of an antediluvian jackass——."

We did not wait to hear the last of it, but broke the record from the office to fresh air. The janitor removed the exhausted "Shark" an hour later.

WILLARD BEATTY, '09.

Illustrated by Monell Randall, '10.

Robert Clyde on the roof is dancing,
Freshman from the ground is glancing,
Then to his partner he does call,
"Say, Bill, look there at the Scotch high ball!"

Why Not?

Lee Michel: I am going to take a cake of soap on the Boat Ride.
Fresh: Why?
Lee Michel: So if the boat sinks I can wash ashore.

The chemists sat in caucus,
No cares or troubles had they,
And the outcome of their converse was
The C. S. M. A. C. A. A.
Next month then to our show they hied
There banners they swung far and wide
But our principal cares not for blazonry
And so the bunch—they died.

Stung!

—or—

How Virtue Triumphed

A Drama of Heart Interest

Dramatis Personae.

Jim Black ..... Treasurer of Senior Class
Sid Holman ..... } Collectors, Assistants to Black
Scotchy Clyde ..... }
Gen Sullivan ..... }
Arch Tinning ..... } ..... Impecunious Seniors
Irish Kennedy ..... }
Dodo Barnett ..... Fairy Godmother
Maggerli ..... Black Buck Goat

Time: The Present.

Scenes:
Act I—Lick basement at noon.
Act II—Fillmore street that night.
Music by invisible brass orchestra accompanies singers.

ACT I.

The Lick basement is indicated by rows of lockers, signs "Packy McFarland Is Coming" and rubbish on floor. Three cans for same at right.

(Enter Jim, Gen, Sid and Scotchy singing.)

Jim—Well, have you got your money here? You know, I had to put my favorite goat in the pickle tub to raise the three-score and fifteen rubles for our boat ride. I am much attached to Maggerli, and I hate to leave him with Mein Onkel. Gimme what you've got.

Sid—Here are seventeen ducats, two shillings and a kopeck, a rubber gasket, seven washers, a locker-key and a cap from a Fredericksburg bottle.

Jim—Aha! I see you have been to the machinist's.

Scotchy—I have not done so well. I have only twenty-nine doubloons, a thaler and a half. Here also are a cork, a pocket-mirror from Payne, some orange-peel and three pictures of the faculty by Criglar. Also an adjustable suspender-button and a Gillette razor blade.

Jim—Oh! I see. Four months' dues by Fat Merrilees. And you?

Gen—Here are thirty florins.

Jim—What! is that all?

Gen—Well, I had a cent piece but I spent it. I really don't see how I will ever make it up again.

Jim (after figuring for a long time on Sid's collar)—Holy Muckei! This only comes to fifty odd yen. I only hope Mr. Harris will think to feed the goat, for it will be long ere he leaves Stockton street, methinks. Are you sure all have paid?

Gen—All, me Lord. But now that I think, I remember that there are two, Arch Tinning and the Young Irishman, but, of course, you can not count them in. We have given them up long ago.

Jim—Alas! is that our only hope? But, think! If we could but get their money, my dear Maggerli might again breathe the sweet air of Piedmont, but ah! that is too much to hope. We might——

Gen—Lo! what have we here?

Scotchy—It is the Strawberry Girl!

(Enter Dodo. He is dressed in a pink cheesecloth nightshirt and a clean shave. On his head is a wreath of pink brideroses and his back is adorned with a long pair of wings. He is barefoot. He descends from right flies by wires attached cunningly to his waist. As he comes he plays "The King of the Vikings Am I" on his piccolo.)

Dodo—Wherefore the wrinkles, little ones?

All (pathetically)—We are trying to find a way to get five of the large and round out of Arch and Irish, but oh! we can't seem to make it stick.

Dodo—Have you tried the Tiger yet? Gallagher and der Herr Editor——

Jim—Hip! hip! great head! (Throws up his cap.)

Gen—I'll go and see them now. They'll know how to get their cash if anybody does. They can make money grow on bald purses where it never grew before. (Exit running.)

Dodo (yelling after her)—Knock as you go in. Der Herr is taking a bath in the sink!

(He plays "Rawb Roy MacGreegorah" and "Turkey in the Straw," while the others dance around.)

Scotchy (suddenly)—Jigger!

(They scurry behind bike-racks, garbage-cans, etc., as the villains enter.)

Irish—And Cabin got it by a nose. Listen here (jingles coin in his pocket).

Arch—Pretty good! No such luck like Irish luck. Now pay me the five you owe me. (Irish pays reluctantly.) Would that I were like thee. I suppose you will be down on the Filly-de-Roo to-night?

Irish—Uh-hu! Where will you meet me?

Arch—At the Cameraphone.

Irish—Right-o!

(Exeunt, singing):

"I don't care if I'm not forgotten,
By those robbers I can't forget.
Though I know they'll not stop at any foul means,
And we'll have to be careful, yet
Comes a feeling called a certainty,
Says take this for your one best bet—
We don't give a whoop how hard they try,
Our class dues they'll never get."

(The collectors spring out.)

Jim—Aha! Knaves, I have ye in me power! The Tiger shall know of this. They have money on them, and if we can but separate them all is well. We will take them into Coney Island Park, and while they watch the Moorish Dancers we will strangle them with a rally-speech manuscript by Graff. And then——

Dodo—Nay! Hold! Be not so rash! If you manhandle them they will boycott the commencement issue and then—(horrified expression of others silences Jim)—we must skin them and not shave against the hair. Strategy is the thing. I can not think of a way at present, but let us away to the home of the Striped Feline and find what he has to say.

(They spring along joyfully singing, to the sound of Dodo's piccolo and Scotchy's bagpipe the following words to the tune of "Dearie":

Dodo, Dodo,
Dodo, oh, Dodo;
You are the loveliest critter we know,
Sweetest to play on the piccolo;
Dodo, Dodo;
No one on earth has a head on like you,
No one as well aware of it, too—
Dodo.

Dodo remains and brings tears of rage to the eyes of a helpless audience by rendering "Moggiliwossczkivitch's Sonata in X-sharp" sweetly.)

Curtain.

ACT II.

(Anywhere on Fillmore street that night. Sid Holman is discovered at right disguised as the Tiger-Marrow-Fat Man in Chinese costume. A large box of snakes, Gila monsters, etc., is on one side of him and a pile of the works of "Mannie, the Clocker," on the other. Before him is a box containing various articles. As the curtain rises he mounts his platform. Enter Jim Black disguised as the eminent Dr. Lusher, the temperance worker, in high collar, bottle-green clothes, rusty plug, etc. He wears a long "Mormon Elder," covering the lower part of his face. Also Gen Sullivan as a Salvation Army lassie. She squats on a camp stool and twangs a guitar, while Jim sets up a table covered with small books.)

Jim—All right, now, we're ready. The Scotchman ought to have them here soon, so Sid can begin his bull. He must clear the street before they arrive. Tune up, Gen, you've got to help. Turn on "Throw out the Life-Line."

(Enter Scotchy disguised as Mixologist.)

Scotchy—Hey! get to work! You've got to attract their attention. They think it's election night, and they're comnig up the street four abreast, singing "Oh Where, Oh Where, Is Ryan Now?" and they've got the traffic blocked. They'll be here in a minute and then it's up to you.

(Jim talks to the others, giving them last instructions.)

Jim (suddenly)—Here they are!

Gen (singing and playing guitar)—

"Pull for the shore, sailor,
Pull for the shore!"

Sid—I have here something which I am sure will interest every gent with a bit of sporting blood. For the small consideration of two dollars, I am putting before the public, etc. (Waving the "Telegraphic Selections.")

Jim—My dear young friend, etc. That's fine, Sid, keep it up. We need the money. Remember his five. Gen, squawl a little squeakier, and "There is a Happy Land." Here they are now.

(Enter Scotchy, leading Arch and Irish.)

Scotchy (to Irish)—See that brow there. He has "Mannie's Official" for sale. If you can get one of them, you've got a half-Nelson on to-morrow's winners. Come on and invest. Every choice guaranteed a winner.

Sid—Why, young son, look at this list of winners. Yesterday, Clubfoot, 30-1 won. Day before that The Fleet at 7-2 and Charles K. at 5-1. Unbroken list of winners for the last six years. Why if you——

Irish (shocked)—I don't want one of them. I don't indulge in such things. Why, if my ma was to see——

Sid—Well, if that don't interest you, I have here something that will. I am now selling at the very much reduced price of two dollars each two articles which I am the only agent for. Here are Black's Anti-Minimum Size Producer and Holman's Anti-Hair Grower.

Irish—What do they do?

Sid—The Anti-Hair Grower consists of two plasters, which, when applied to the soles of the feet, will keep the hair from growing. They save their price in hair-cuts in no time. The Size-Producer is little pills, harmless and pleasant to take, which will add an inch to your height for every pill.

Irish—Oh! Gimme 'em both! (Gives a five.)

Sid—Now before I give you your change I wish to also show you my great specialty—Sullivan's Scotch Collector-Foiler. It is a small pamphlet, written by the great Scotch scientist, General Sullivan, and has full directions how to bunk bill -collectors, due-collectors, bad-debt men, etc. For this I only ask one dollar. I can tell by your wild look that you are pursued by collectors, whom you can buffalo by following the directions in the little——

Irish—Slip it! Slip it!

(Sid gives him a sealed envelope and gives Black the high sign.)

Jim (to Arch)—My good young man, I am glad to see that you take no stock in those inventions of Satan, the adhesive plaster and the pill. I have seldom seen a more promising, virtuous-looking youth than yourself, and it pleases me exceedingly that you live up to your seemly appearance. But how comes it that so goodly a young man I see on these worldly streets at this time of night?

Arch—Oh! good sir, it is no fault of mine that I find myself among the sinful, for I must work for the A. D. T. to support my poor old mother and nine orphaned sisters. (He dries a tear.)

Jim—Ah! as worthy a youth as I took you to be. It gives me great joy to meet young men of your type in my labors. (Arch's head and chest are becoming swollen, and he looks disdainfully with a "What-low-creeter-is-this?" air at Irish.) But I have here some small works that I would that the mother of so godly a lad might see. You are a son to be proud of and nothing should please the mother of such a youth as you more than to see one of these volumes in his hands. I have here the "Evils of Intemperance," "Three Evil D's: Drink, Dancing and the Devil," "The Soul at Peace" and "The Lives of the Missionaries," besides my own life-work, "The Rise of Prohibition." The price of these books is five dollars each, but as I can not allow such a sterling fellow as yourself to be without them I will let them go at a dollar each. Indeed—

Arch—Oh! sir, how can I ever thank you? (Gives him a five-piece and gets a sealed envelope. He and Arch open their envelopes while the others hurriedly pack up to go.)

Arch (seeing his)—* * — ! * — * ? * — — * * ! A receipt for class dues. That hoary-heady old——

Irish—Class dues! When I get my lunch-hooks on those——

(The others turn to flee. Jim's beard, Gen's hood and Sid's pigtail come off, and Scotchy loses his large Tammany mustache. As this happens they are attacked. Help answers their cries. Dodo flies in, crying, "Hands up!" He points his piccolo at them. They flee, terror stricken. The collectors embrace. They dance around. Jim exits but soon re-enters, leading the Black Buck Goat by a chain of daisies. All dance and jodel. "Maggerli is saved! Maggerli is saved!" Chorus of cops, chauffeurs, rooters, etc., enter and yell, "What's the matter with Dodo? He's all right."

Dodo then plays "John Dough," and the others sing:

Dodo, Dodo,
You're the best fairy-godmother that we know.
Without your help we could never do this,
But when you instructed it couldn't go amiss;
Dodo, Dodo,
It was awfully kind to help us so.
And if twan't for thee,
Poor old Maggerli
Would still be in soak, you know.

(The curtain falls on Jim counting the money left over, while Dodo is wafted away to his home in Fairyland amid fireworks of all kinds.)

The brass orchestra plays the "Funeral March" as the audience files out.

Fresh.

"What is that noise of footsteps,
I hear without?" he cried.
"Oh that's the noise of my garden wall,
Running 'round my place," she sighed.

A Psalm of School Life

With apologies to Longfellow.

Say you not in joyful slumbers,
  Writing poems is a dream!
Rack your brain for words in numbers,
  Fit them in with some new scheme.

This is hard! Indeed the hardest
  Of the work we have in school;
Thou art work for us in earnest,
  For we must obey the rule.

Not for joy, and not for sorrow,
  Are we destined on our way,
But to act, that each new morrow,
  Shows we don't in one place stay.

"Art is long and Time is fleeting"
  And our brains, though stout and brave,
Still like muddled ones are thinking,
  While the "profs" for poems crave.

In the "Tiger's" land of battle,
  In the English field of light,
Be not like a bunch of cattle,
  As a poet, show your might.

Poems that perhaps another,
  Working along with might and main,
A forlorn and hard-worked brother,
  Reading, shall work hard again.

Works of this kind all remind us,
  We can try to do the same,
And some day, maybe you'll find us,
  All embalmed in the "Hall of Fame."

H. NACHTRIEB, '09.

Miss S: Will some one volunteer to talk on Carlyle's philosophy?
Weber: I'll try, but I can't say that I'll know what I am talking about.

No, this isn't poetry,
  But it's as near it
As some that we
  Get handed to us.

Oh, You Archie!

There is a young man from Martinez,
Who's quite a cut up with the Seniors,
  When first he arrived,
  In volumes he thrived,
But now he's chief of our queeners.

By Our Statistician

If all the rejected manuscripts turned into THE TIGER office were folded into wads and fired from elastic bands, they would make a pile 27 feet in diameter at the base and 14 feet high. It would require 3,108 pupils to shoot them in a school year of forty weeks. If they were shot off at seminar meetings only, it would occupy the present Senior class 3,517 4-9 meetings to dispose of them.

If the school buildings were built of cube sugar instead of brick and the task of making this sugar into candy for "candy sales" should fall to the Senior girls, they would all become old maids and die before finishing, leaving behind enough sugar to supply the candy for 47 1-3 Sunday-school Christmas trees.

If all the windows in the school, exclusive of those controlled by the Sartorius Co., were broken twice a quarter, the amount necessary to replace them would be exactly equal to the combined salaries of that number of office boys who could address and mail 8,412,296 letters in one month.

If, from the number of seconds in Mr. Lick's age, the number 2,332,692,179 be subtracted, the result would exactly equal the number of bricks laid by the Wilmerding students during the past year.

If all the iron wasted in the machine and forge shops last year were in one piece the man who could lift it chin high twenty times in one minute could knock out 178 Jeffries and 1,848 3-7 Bill Squires with one jolt of his left.

The amount of cloth that could be made from the threads and scraps from the sewing room, during one quarter, would be just sufficient to make bandages for the wood-butchers during the first three weeks of school.

If all the glassware broken in the chemistry department during the year were made into window panes the baseball nine would be 1 hour, 17 minutes and 43 17-21 seconds breaking them.

If all the noise made by the rooters at rallies were concentrated into one tremendous effort it would completely demolish the crematory chimney and could be heard at a distance of 35 miles, 304 yards, and 25 inches, providing the wind was blowing at a velocity of 11.74 miles per hour in the same direction.

If all the money that should have been spent patronizing the advertisers in THE TIGER was used for cup cases and cups, some philanthropist would have to contribute $17,487.71 for buildings to keep them in.

If a piece of cloth of the same numerical length in feet as the sum of all the wrong answers obtained by users of the "guessing stick" in one week were given to the sewing classes, they would be 18 years, 6 months, and 14 6-7 hours hemming one edge of it, or if made into handkerchiefs it would supply 1,769 people with heavy colds 1 year, 189 days, 18 hours, and 39 5-17 minutes with the desired article.

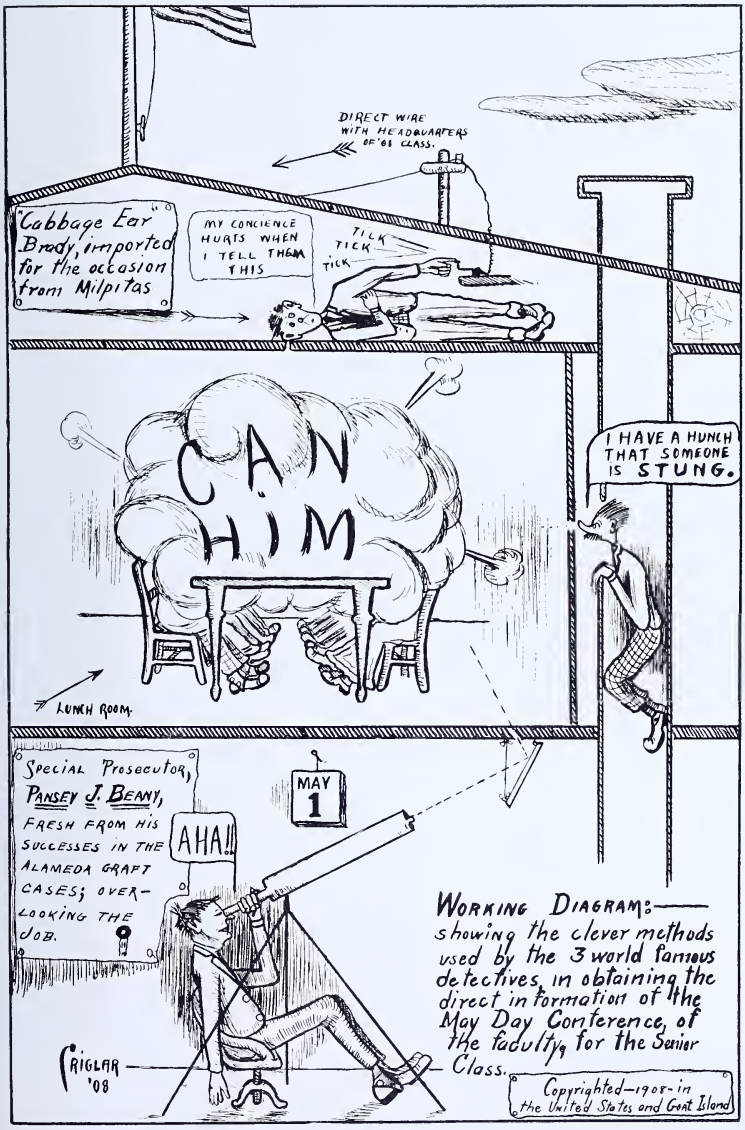
If the room occupied by the mechanical drawing department were filled with eggs the cooking class would be 179 years, 4 months, and 16 days using them. They would, however, create a disturbance in the neighborhood of three times the magnitude of that created by the Sanitary Reduction Works for 245 days, and 17 hours. If the space between the eggs were filled with lard, to be used in frying doughnuts, the cooking classes would be 3 years, 147 days, and 3 7-19 hours in consuming it, the resultant batch of doughnuts would just be sufficient to sink a 12,000-ton steamer. J. P. ZIPF.

Not at Lick.

Father (to son just home from college)—My boy, I have bought you a musical cigarette case.

Son—Musical? How?

Father—Every time you take out a cigarette it plays "Nearer, My God, to Thee."—Ex.


DIRECT WIRE WITH HEADQUARTERS OF '08 CLASS.
"Cabbage Ear" Brady, imported for the occasion from Milpitas
MY CONCIENCE HURTS WHEN I TELL THEM THIS
TICK TICK TICK
CAN HIM
I HAVE A HUNCH THAT SOMEONE IS STUNG.
LUNCH ROOM.
SPECIAL PROSECUTOR, PANSEY J. BEANY, FRESH FROM HIS SUCCESSES IN THE ALAMEDA GRAFT CASES; OVER-LOOKING THE JOB.
MAY 1
AHA!!
WORKING DIAGRAM:— showing the clever methods used by the 3 world famous detectives in obtaining the direct information of the May Day Conference, of the faculty, for the Senior Class.
RIGLAR '08
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Society Note.

It is reported that Senior Class has begun rehearsing accepting diplomas.

The Rime of the Learned Senior

(With Apologies to Coleridge.)

It is a learned Senior,
  And he stoppeth one Freshie.
"By thy crushed plug hat and Naught-Eight pin,
  Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

Fabian meeteth and stoppeth a Freshie on his way to class.

"The woodwork doors are opened wide,
  And I am due within;
The class is met, the lathes are set;
  May'st hear the busy din."

He holds him with his mighty arm,
  "There in the shop," quoth he.
"Hold off! Let go, you Naught-Eight bum!
  I'll have you canned," cried he.

The Freshie objects, but he gives in to his superior.

But he holds him tight with mighty grip—
  The Freshie soon stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
  The Senior hath his will.

"I was working with the machinist corps,
  When the Chief did take me down;
Below the shop, to the boiler hot,
  Where the steam whirls 'roun' and 'roun'.

The Senior tells how the Engineer took him down to the boiler room to tend to the fire and water.

" 'This gauge upon the right,' said he,
  'Must be kept above this mark,
Or the boiler'll burst with a terrible roar,
  And you'll land about in the park.'

" 'And here upon the left,' quoth he,
  'Is the gauge of life or death;
And should it rise above this point,
  You'd die with a curse,' he saith.

The Engineer explains the water and steam gauges, and then he leaves him to his fate.

"Straightway he pulled a huge iron door,
  Aghast I looked within!"
The Freshie lad here near went mad,
  For he heard the planer's din.

The work's begun, the deed is done,
  For Mac hath called the roll:
His name was called full loud and long;
  To Miss Burns he'll pay his toll.

The Freshie lad here near went mad,
  Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that mighty one,
  The learned Senior:

The Freshie becomes anxious, for he knows he will be late to his class.

"And now alone I soon was left,
  To tend that awful fire;
My hair upon its end did stand,
  My cap rose higher and higher.

He is now responsible for the fire, which gives him great anxiety.

"I opened up the huge iron door
  And saw the fire whirl round;
It cracked and growled and roar'd and howled,
  Like noises in a swound.

"Hard by my mates did bing and bang,
  Full hard they all did work;
My knees did crack with an awful whack,
  For near us death did lurk.

His classmates work in the shop above, and he knows if the boiler blows up they will all be killed.

"Down dropped the gauge, my faith dropped down,
  'Twas sad as sad could be;
The safety blew off with terrible force;
  The curse was now on me.

The boiler pressure riseth to 100 degrees and the safety valve bloweth off.

"The steam was here, the steam was there,
  The steam was all around!
It hissed and spit and sizzled and swirled,
  The gauge spun 'round and 'round.

The room is now filled with steam and the pressure riseth so fast that the hand on the gauge can be seen turning around.

"Then of my friends I gave a thought,
  And how they might be saved;
I made an effort, but in vain;
  The road of fate was paved.

He tries to put out the fire, but he fails.

"The huge iron door burst open wide,
  The steam rushed out in a cloud;
I warned my pals in a terrible voice,
  Which sounded strangely loud.

He warns his friends, then runs as fast as possible.

"Then put I forth with all my speed,
  And southward, aye, I fled;
And as I sped I heard a roar;
  Then fell in a swoon, like dead.

It is too much for him and he faints in his tracks.

"The dream I dreamt was something fierce,
  It was an awful stroke;
I thought I saw the boiler burst:
  The mass went up in smoke!

While in this condition he imagines the school blows up.

"And then I back did wend my way
  To see the havoc wrought;
My comrades all lay stiff and stark,
  Which to me a lesson taught.

He thinks that he goes back to the remains, and the dead all rise and go about their work and curse him with their eyes.

"One by one the dead men rose,
  Like ghosts they passed me by;
Each shook his fist at me like this,
  Each cursed me with his eye.

"Then each about his work did go,
  Uncanny lot were they;
Nor they did speak, nor laugh nor sigh,
  But a curse on me they lay.

"At last I woke to my surprise,
The boys at me did grin;
They laughed and yelled and joked at me,
But still it might have been.

He comes out of his trance and finds it to be a dream.

"And now I pass from boy to boy,
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see
I know the lad that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach."

He now goes to the different boys and tells them of his own experience, so that the same will not happen to them.

The Freshie, like one who hath been stunned,
And is of reason shorn;
A sadder and a wiser lad,
He went his way forlorn.

ROBERT M. FURLONG, '08.

A Choke.

Miss Adams (in English Social History): Why did Hargreave call his machine a Jenny?

Dill: He named it after his wife.

Miss Adams: Why did Compton call his machine a mule?

Oliver (waking up, wildly): After his wife!

Miss Adams: It's behind you. Close it as you go out.

A Wolf is an animal
That lives in the woods;
And if Heine's a Wolff
He's surely the goods.

Up to Date.

In Senior Dutch: That is a dependent affinity.

First Senior: I hear Ingram is going out for track. They say you can't see him for dust.

Fresh Guinee: Do you mean the dust from the other fellows?

After the Game.

Pitchford: Did you pitch?

Holt: I did, pitch.

"Come to practice," is heard in the hall;
These words a small boy doth bawl;
Half past twelve as we look at the clock,
We know it's the voice of Stage Manager Block.

On the Boat Ride.

Freshman Girl: Captain, what shall I do if I get sick?

Captain: You won't have to bother about knowing what to do, it will come natural.

A DREAM REALIZED.

Nursery Rhymes.

Webster says that Worth means "value,"
And we know Boyes who are dames;
From these little flaws in meaning,
Let us doubt the truth of names.

He Otto.

It was in the Ferry Building and our German teacher was sitting on a bench in the waiting room, waiting for the boat to start. Directly back of her was a window of prize California fruit which was being used to advertise our glorious State. Soon she noticed that every one who passed let loose an audible smile and made some jocose remark. For a time she was a little puzzled and annoyed, but finally, as she looked around, she saw the cause of her annoyance. In the fruit window was a large white placard and on it in bold black letters "Guess my weight and I am yours."

THE TURN OF THE WORM.

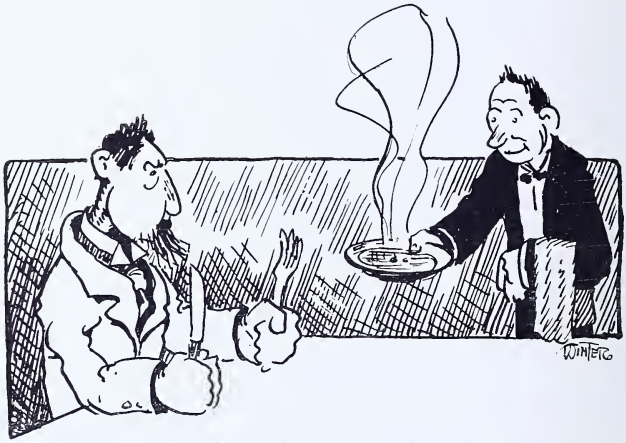
Pictures

Picture "Brick" with his hair turned white,
Picture Randall with his hat on right,
Picture "Dodo" without that smile,
Picture Kennedy quite a while,
Picture the cup case in the hall,
Picture the "chief" without his "gall,"
Picture "Shakespeare" with his hair mussed up,
That's a picture no artist could paint.

Picture Merrillees running the mile,
Picture Kent out of style,
Picture Clyde in a Rugby suit,
Picture Huber playing the flute,
Picture Fabian with long wavy hair,
Picture Miss Edwards without her cold stare,
Picture Mathis not looking all in.
That's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Percival not fighting with Graff,
Picture Nelson without that laugh,
Picture "Baby" Dill, six feet tall,
Picture Ruebke not playing ball,
Picture Block paying his dues,
Picture the Farce Cast not waiting for cues,
Picture Czarnicke in a rough house.
That's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Miss Burns not wanting an excuse,
Picture Crowe not raising the deuce,
Picture Cooley not talking machine,
Picture Oliver just sweet sixteen,
Picture Morbio playing football,
Picture Graff never hungry at all,
Picture the whole Senior Class with "rec's."
That's a picture no artist can paint.



Uncle Si Handreaper (in the city to see the fleet): What are these here patriotic dishes you're advertizin'?

Truthful Waiter: Why, sir, they're in honor of the fleet. The chicken is one of them. We call it Fighting Bob Chicken.

U. S. H.: What fer?

T. W.: Well, you see, it is pretty tough and it has seen service.

U. S. H.: Well?

T. W.: And it's so old that it isn't much good any more.

So Tickled.

Miss Otto: Huber, your idea of humor is peculiar, I can't seem to understand you.

Note: Huber is tickling a fly.

Classy.

Wise Senior (in English Literature): We have three old English poets, Beowulf, Cynewulf, and Heinewulf.

Oh, Those '08 Actors!

"What authority have you that Shakespeare is immortal?"

"The fact that he survives after being murdered by bum actors for three hundred years."—Ex.

There is a young lady named Lou,
Who as an actress will do,
When given a part
As wife of "Bones" Bart,
She carried it very well through.

Why?

Junior: I hear that some of the faculty are going to be married soon.

Wise Senior: Leap year, my boy, leap year.

OBITUARY.

Died: On the first of May, 1908, in this city, C. S. M. A. C. A. A. Beloved protege of Charles Boxton and Adolph Bilay. Demise caused by Rough Houseites contracted at the Farce. Funeral notice later. Send all flowers and condolations to Baron Altman, uncle of the deceased.

Lost and Found.

Lost: Fifty (50c) cents, class dues paid by Kennedy. Very precious as a memento, and on account of its great age and rarity. Finder please return to '08 Treasurer.

Found: A josh in the box.

Lost: A small boy that answers to the name of Randall, on the Boat Ride.

Answers to Correspondents.

Ruebke: No, we know of no way to stop the growth of hair on your face. The best and most satisfactory way is to use a razor because the wind does not blow hard enough this time of the year to blow them off, as you mentioned.

Want Ads.

Wanted: About seventy-five large, healthy diplomas, in good condition, '08.

Wanted: A handy negro boy to press pants, shine shoes and keep a gentleman's hair combed.—Richardson.

Wanted: Another show as good as "The Man From Mexico."—Student Body.

Wanted: More air, when you have finished with this josh column.—By You.

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STATIONERY—"The best stock in the Mission."
SCHOOL SUPPLIES—"Any and everything used in a school room."
SPORTING GOODS—"Our supply of Spalding's Athletic Goods is complete."
TALKING MACHINES—"Edison, Victor, Zonophones; also records and sheet music."

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TAUGHT AND TAUGHT AS IT SHOULD BE TAUGHT

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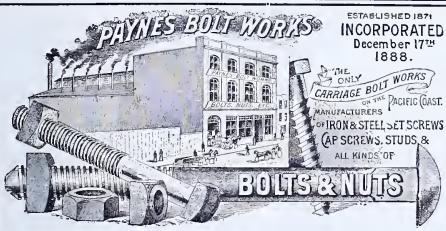

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ORIGINAL RESEARCH.

He took a bottle of Glycerine
And added HNO_3
And filled it with H_2SO_4
It mixed quite readily.

He mashed it with a sledge hammer
On the concrete floor in Chemistry—
Exit little boy and lab;
Where they went still remains a demistry.

JOSHES.

The Evolution of a Name.

3 weeks to 8 years, Mary.
8 years to 12 years, May.
12 years to 15 years, Mae.
15 years to 22 years, Mame.
22 years, Ma.

Ex.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. It shows what we do — better than all the talk we can give you.

Mr. Business Manager:
How do you like the cuts in this issue? They were made by us.

DOLLARS AND SENSE

The man who earns $50 per month and saves $5 of it is $5 per month better off than the man who earns $100 per month and spends all of it.

He is not only financially better off, but he is better off in character, grit and thrift.

It is not what you earn that counts, but what you save.

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MARTINEZ, CAL.

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Kuchel's Face Powder and Enamel gives that beautiful peaches and cream effect for which I am noted. Defies detection. Resists sun, wind, rain, fire, or water. Will not run, fade, or change color. Protects the face. No matter how dark you are it will make you look like a three-year-old. Absolutely harmless and absolutely guaranteed not to crack or wash off.

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